THE

PARENTAL MONITOR.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature ſuffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a ſtain:
The world's infectious: few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.

* * * *

Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids:
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when Egypt's fall.

YOUNG.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PRECEPTS OF MORALITY.

From vice, ſenſe, fancy, no man can be bleſt;
Bliſs is too great to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
Oh! for a joy from reaſon!

YOUNG.

MY SON,

THIS and the two following papers are particularly addreſſed to you and your young companions. Liſten therefore with attention to the ſerious admonitions of a parent, and permit the precepts of parental love and tender anxiety to ſink deep into your hearts.

In the early ſeaſon of life, we naturally hope much and fear little: a thouſand flattering proſpects dance before the gay,

unthinking imagination of youth. The voice of experience is too often heard with reluctance and diſguſt; becauſe it removes the deluſion, by telling them that danger lurks in the moſt promiſing appearances, and that too often the gratification of their wiſhes would prove the means of deſtroying their happineſs; and whilſt the anxious ſolicitude of a parent's care points out to them the danger of folly, and the miſeries of vice, they turn their eyes, with careleſs inattention, from the unpleaſant portrait, and reſting their own ſecurity on the boſom of deception, vainly flatter themſelves that ſuch diſagreeable conſequences would not attend them, if prudence ſhould ſometimes ſtep aſide. Unhappy obſtinacy, that will not learn wiſdom, 'till it has been taught to ſuffer by its own weak folly!

A love of novelty is ſtrongly ingrafted in our nature. It may be called the gadding of the mind, which ſometimes continues from the beginning to the end of life, and often requires the utmoſt reſolution to keep it under proper reſtrictions: yet a certain degree of this diſpoſition is highly neceſſary. We begin, in childhood, with an ardent longing after new playthings: in our riper years, we are equally impatient to poſſeſs more ſubſtantial toys, which we throw by with indifference,

ference, to go in purſuit of others. But this buſy propenſity ought to be kept under ſtrict diſcipline, or it will become a ſtriking foible in the character; for what was pleaſant and laudable in youth, would be ridiculous or frivolous in maturer age. And it often makes the thinking part of mankind bluſh to ſee a giddineſs of deſires, when their thoughts ought to have been more ſeriouſly arranged and employed. That love of novelty, which in early youth helped to enrich the fancy, will, at a more advanced period of our lives, only ſerve to miſlead the judgment.

Your ſex are much earlier expoſed to the danger of temptation than the other. No ſooner do you leave the houſe of your parents, to be placed in any great ſeminary of learning, or to be inſtructed in any profeſſion or buſineſs, than you begin to put on the man; to aſſume his conſequence, and ape his manners, before you have learnt his experience. From the ſchool you are often thrown into the great world, and begin to act your part in the buſy drama of life, without knowing any thing of that world in which you are to perform your character. This is the moment of danger; this the important period in which you ſhould walk with the moſt cautious and guarded circumſpection, and, like a child which has juſt left off the lead-

ing-ſtring, proceed ſlowly forwards, leſt you ſhould get out of that ſafe path, in which the fond and watchful care of attentive friends had hitherto conducted you in ſecurity and peace.

Various temptations will aſſail you from all quarters. Pleaſure will tempt you into her ſnares in a thouſand beguiling forms: but, if you are once entangled in the toils of pleaſure, you will repent your want of prudence in miſery and anguiſh.

Shun the harlot and her wiles; look not upon the charms of her form; admire not the ſymmetry of her ſhape: dare not to contemplate with delight the features of degraded beauty: though lilies and roſes bloſſom on the cheek of thoſe helpleſs beings, who, like wild beaſts of the foreſt, roam by night in ſearch of prey, and care not how many they deſtroy. Enter not, therefore the baneful dens of proſtitution: rather go into thoſe of wolves and tygers.

When the wine ſparkles in the glaſs, and the voice of convivial mirth and noiſy cheerfulneſs call upon you to follow the dangerous orgies of intemperance, refuſe with reſolution the tempting beverage; remember the poiſon it contains, and that you muſt ſuffer for making too free with the beguiling liquor, by a temporary loſs of reaſon.

Drunken-

Drunkenneſs is the moſt degrading of all bad habits, and a vice that is the more inexcuſable, becauſe an introduction to almoſt every other. What can be ſo diſguſting a ſight, as that of a rational creature in a ſtate of ebriety, unable to help or defend himſelf? All his paſſions up in arms againſt him—Reaſon dethroned from her ſeat—expoſed to a thouſand dangers, without any power to eſcape them, and humbled far below a level with the brute creation!

Never accuſtom yourſelves to frequent taverns, but upon urgent occaſions of buſineſs or neceſſity. Many of them are the receptacles of every vice; and their moſt welcome gueſts, thoſe unhappy mortals, who ruin themſelves and families by their own intemperate deſires; who, often, whilſt they are regaling themſelves at the ſhrine of Bacchus, leave an amiable wife wretched at home; and can ſee, with unfeeling indifference, a family of helpleſs and innocent children, expoſed to all the horrors of want and miſery. Sad picture of human depravity, too often repreſented in real life!

What can be ſaid in excuſe for that wayward being, who forſakes his real friends, flies their peaceful, hoſpitable habitations, and ſhuns even his neareſt relatives, to waſte his precious hours in the noiſe and riot

riot of a tavern? His mind unſettled, his affairs deranged, his duties and buſineſs neglected.—Such an one can never make an indulgent or cheerful huſband, good father, true friend, or agreeable companion; and by aſſociating chiefly with men, or the worſt of women, muſt ever appear dull, awkward, and embarraſſed, whenever he mixes with a company of both ſexes.—A bad man can have but little reliſh for the ſociety of the virtuous of either ſex.

The deiſt and debauchee are often ſynonymous terms; and the want of a proper ſenſe of the important duties of religion, is frequently the want of every other virtue. Sap that ſecure and ſolid foundation, the fabric will eaſy give way, and every good reſolution fly at the firſt approach of temptation; for, when once people are ſo hardened and depraved, as to believe they are to give no account of their vices, few arguments can be found ſufficiently perſuaſive to prevent the gratification of them.

The law will puniſh capital offences, ſuch as murder, theft, &c. &c. but there are many other crimes that eſcape with impunity, the cruelty and injuſtice of which only want to be expoſed, to make the indigent wretch, who robs us of our purſe, at the hazard, and often at the expence, of his life, appear not only innocent,

cent, but more an object of compaſſion than the victim of juſtice.

Unhappy, and truly to be pitied, are all thoſe connected with the Deiſt, Drunkard, and Debauchee! Even the virtues of thoſe whom nature ſhould teach them to love, vice will teach them to hate, and intemperance to inſult; and what ſhould ſecure their felicity, prove, on the contrary, a ſource of envy and diſcord.

The following lines, ſaid to be written by a libertine, deſerve to be read with the utmoſt attention.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noiſe,
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted, that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt.
And as at dawn of morn fair reaſon's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun;
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe.
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault.
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.
And yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen,
In the pernicious draught, the word obſcene,

Or

Or harſh, which once elate, muſt ever fly,
Irrevocable; the far prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt, and fierce debate,
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.

Add to the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man, whom ſorrow thus, and rage!
So different ill alternately engage!
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees
The melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiſs, and pois'nous ſerpents roll.

I cannot conclude what has been ſaid upon this ſubject with words more to our purpoſe than thoſe of Solomon: "Who "hath woe? who hath ſorrow? who hath "contentions? who hath babbling? who "hath wounds without cauſe? who hath "redneſs of eyes? They that tarry long at "the wine; they that go to ſeek mixt "wine. Look not thou upon the wine "when it is red, when it giveth his colour "in the cup, when it moveth itſelf aright. "At the laſt it biteth like a ſerpent, and "ſtingeth like an adder."

SERIOUS

SERIOUS ADMONITIONS.

Come, then, is happineſs thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the ſearch, and mend your pace,
The capture ſhall reward the chaſe.
Let every minute, as it ſprings,
Convey freſh knowledge on its wings:
Let every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wiſe.

DR. COTTON.

OF all the wonders this world contains human nature may juſtly be ſaid to be the moſt contradictory and wonderful. Man is often found capable of performing actions in the great field of life, that lay juſt claim to our praiſe, and ſometimes excite univerſal admiration; and yet, in his more private and domeſtic character, ſhall be found acting ſo different a part, that it is with difficulty we can be prevailed on to think, the ſame perſon could be capable of practiſing ſuch inconſiſtencies, and that in defence of ſome prejudice, perhaps indefenſible, or to ſatisfy ſome darling paſſion.

Be very careful to avoid profane ſwearing; which though ſometimes heard unreproved in genteel companies, is the meaneſt of all mean vices, and can produce neither honour, profit, nor pleaſure, unleſs you are ſo wretchedly depraved, as to make a pleaſure of breaking one of your

your Maker's commandments.—To ſwear in common converſation, muſt render your veracity ſuſpected; for he who ſwears often, muſt ſometimes ſwear falſely. This vice is of that debaſing, humiliating nature, that it has not a ſingle excuſe in its defence;——'tis vulgar, rude, profane, mean, deteſtable.

In all your dealings with your fellow-creatures, ſtrictly adhere to the truth; let no bribe tempt you to tell a lie, even by way of jeſt: and though you ſuffer for ſpeaking with unreſerved ſincerity, believe me, no advantage, as to the emoluments of fortune, can repay you for ſacrificing truth to falſhood; and I know no character more odious and vile than that of a liar.

Be uniformly juſt in all your tranſactions. Never be led by ſelf-intereſt to outwit or over reach any one. 'Tis an old, and common ſaying, but a very true one, that "honeſty is the beſt policy." It ever proves ſo in the end; for if once you are diſcovered in a diſhoneſt action, you will ever afterwards be ſuſpected to continue the practice of them.

To look into the world, and obſerve the pernicious effects of any particular vice, would, it might be ſuppoſed, lead any rational being to avoid the commiſſion, in order to eſcape the miſery that follows: but,

but, alas! we find it far otherwiſe; and, till we feel the direful conſequence, we are unwilling to believe the ſecret admonitions of conſcience, or the cautions of thoſe who are more circumſpect and prudent than ourſelves.

I know of no vice more fatal and ruinous in its conſequences, than gaming; and yet, how many will venture their whole property on the ſhaking of a dye, or the turning up of a card, and demoliſh with a ſingle turn of the elbow, the labours and induſtry of ſucceſſive generations; and, in one hour, ſquander a fortune, which, perhaps their prudent parents anxiouſly toiled their whole lives to obtain, and become the dupes of a ſet of ſharpers, who, by having nothing to loſe, can have little to fear. It is ſcarcely poſſible to think of this deſtroying vice with any degree of temper.—How ſhameful to throw away the whole fruits of a laborious and anxious life, with ſuch unthinking prodigality! To have the legacy of parental care beſtowed on ſharpers, and the produce of a life of induſtry ſcattered amongſt the refuſe of mankind, by depravity and folly!—The truth of this addreſs may be read in the ruin of friends and families, whoſe ſad hiſtories furniſh many dreadful anecdotes of its fatal conſequences, and

ought

ought to be preſerved as a warning to their poſterity.

There is not, in the whole catalogue of human frailties, a paſſion which ſo thoroughly enſlaves the heart, and deadens it to every feeling of the man, the parent, or the citizen, as this faſhionable inſanity. There is not a vice incident to poliſhed life, that can be leſs defended. It has not one plauſible excuſe, that can be pleaded in its behalf by men of honour. Many of the vices of the moſt diſſolute characters, degrading and bad as they are, have nature inclining on their ſide; which, though not a juſtification, they make their excuſe—They will call rioting and drunkenneſs the effects of a cordial and generous diſpoſition, led aſtray by the infirmity of a gay and ſocial ſpirit—They will, at times, blame themſelves for ſwearing, and declare, they are aſhamed of having that unlucky habit; and in like manner form a number of ſpecious excuſes for other bad propenſities—whilſt gaming has not a decent advocate to appear in its cauſe. 'Tis a ſordid, ungenerous, deſtructive, diſhoneſt paſſion, to take from others what we do not want, or to deprive ourſelves of what we know not how to ſpare. 'Tis purſued with care, anxiety, and inquietude; never enjoyed; and the victim of our ſucceſs

ceſs beheld with trembling and reproach; becauſe we feel ourſelves the criminal.

Can gaming, then, be called a recreation? Look on the countenances of thoſe ſeated around the baneful table. Every ugly paſſion may be read in their agitated features, which would be incapable of exhibiting more horror if they were dragged before a Spaniſh inquiſition. Such are its joys, in the immediate practice: whilſt its pernicious effects are often felt for many ſucceeding generations; and the infant unborn will have reaſon to curſe the unthinking being who entailed penury and want upon his innocent deſcendants. It often arms the ruffian for the midnight exploit, and terminates murder and ſuicide.

Avoid gaming, as you would the aſſaſſin it frequently ſends abroad to infeſt our ſtreets; and be not led by the contagion of example to involve yourſelves in poverty, repentance and miſery; for be aſſured, the moſt ſucceſsful gameſter is at beſt a wretch whoſe honour will ever be doubted, and whoſe feelings, in the moment of triumph muſt be ſad and comfortleſs.

Shun low company with as much precaution as you would the tempeſt's rage, or the poiſon of the adder. If you aſſociate with bad people you will not long continue in the practice of virtue; your mind

mind will naturally become corrupt by bad example, your conduct ſuſpected, and your acquaintance diſliked and avoided by the worthy and good. Many fooliſh young men are fond of mixing with the vulgar, in order to be thought king of the company; and the praiſes of the worthleſs render them inſenſible to the contempt of the virtuous. We are apt to judge of people's diſpoſitions by the company in which we often find them. If, therefore you form an intimacy with the abandoned, 'tis natural to conclude your own inclinations coincides with theirs.

Read the following fable of Mr. Gay's, and learn from the example of the lion's cub, that bad company degrades the moſt noble, and brings them upon a level with themſelves.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh;
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide:
So poor and paltry is their pride!
Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.

A Lion.

A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe, he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners looks and airs:
An aſs in every thing but ears!
If e'er his highneſs meant a joke,
They grin'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſires retreat;
Forward, and fond to ſhew his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts.

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace.

Why ſo ſevere? the cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe.

How weak is pride! returns the ſire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid Aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe.

Inſtead of running into the labyrinths of vice, be ſteady in the practice of their oppoſite virtues, viz.

Religion will ſecure you that innate peace, without which all the pleaſures of life will be rendered taſteleſs.

Temperance

Temperance will inſure health. Seek not for it, then, where it is not to be found. Diſcard all luxurious and idle indulgences. Uſe exerciſe. Obſerve, all nature is active around you. And would you, that ſhould be the moſt uſeful, be the moſt uſeleſs? and becauſe endued with ſuperior reaſon, prove inferior in the habits and purpoſe of it?

Be ſober. To be otherwiſe, would be to bring a reflection on that Providence who formed you for the nobleſt purpoſes; and loſe not, for the pleaſures of intemperance, the ineſtimable bleſſing of a good conſtitution.

Be induſtrious: and your life ſhall be ſpent with cheerfulneſs. Time ſhall fly unmarked by care and diſcontent. The labours of the day will enſure a ſweet and ſound repoſe for the enſuing night. Thou wilt then rejoice in thy youth, and thy heart ſhall be cheerful in old age.

Be charitable: and the bleſſings of the poor ſhall attend you. Their prayers ſhall be heard in your behalf, before the throne of heaven. The merciful man ſhall ſurely obtain mercy.

Be ſincere: and you will have nothing to fear from the tongue of ſlander. If you do not deceive, you are in leſs danger of being deceived. If you do no wrong, you will not ſhrink from the piercing eye of truth.

In few words: Be religious, temperate, ſober, honeſt, juſt. Be induſtrious, charitable, ſincere and merciful. You will then deſerve happineſs whilſt on earth, and cannot fail of ſecuring to yourſelves unfading bliſs in the pure regions of immortality.

An Eaſtern Apologue.

A young monarch of Perſia, led aſtray by his courtiers, ſeemed to have no paſſion but for pleaſure, no happineſs but in diſſipation.—Thus, at a feſtival, one day, in exulting accents, did he expreſs himſelf.

'I have enjoyed the moment which is 'paſt, I enjoy that which is preſent, and 'I already begin to enjoy that which is to 'come. Bleſt with contentment and 'tranquillity, neither the hopes of proſpe-'rity, nor the fears of adverſity, in the 'leaſt concern me.'

A beggar, who ſat under the window of the palace, and overheard the ſpeech of his ſovereign, cried aloud to him, 'If thou haſt no anxiety about thyſelf, 'haſt thou none about ſuch as me?'

The king, ſtruck with theſe words, advanced to the window; and, after having for ſome time beheld in ſilence the miſerable object before him, he gave orders that a ſum of money, to a conſiderable amount, ſhould be preſented to him.

At

At the concluſion of the feſtival, he began to reflect upon his paſt life; and, aſhamed to find that it had been an uniform ſeries of oppoſition to the duties of his ſtation, he determined to take, for the future, the reins of government into his own hands, inſtead of entruſting them, as he had hitherto done, with favourites.

He had not been long engaged in the adminiſtration of his affairs, when he received repeated complaints of the licentious, the diſorderly life of the beggar he had enriched; and, at length, he obſerved him before the gates of the palace, a ſupplicant for alms, with hardly a rag to cover him.

The king pointed him out to one of the ſages of the court. 'Behold,' ſaid he, 'the effects of charity; behold the wretch 'I ſo lately loaded with wealth. My 'bounty has corrupted him, and has prov-'ed a freſh ſource to him of vice and of 'miſery.'

'It is true,' replied the ſage; 'for thou 'gaveſt to Poverty, what thou oughteſt 'not to have given, but to Induſtry.'

PATRI-

PATRIOTISM, AND THE LOVE OF OUR NATIVE COUNTRY.

Wealth, titles, lux'ry, glaring pomp and fame,
Freedom away—reflect diſgrace and ſhame;
Whilſt he with whom it dwells in cot obſcure,
Laughs at thoſe ills which ſhackled kings endure.

MOZEEN.

I HAVE ever conſidered the love of our native country, and a firm attachment to our king and his laws, as a natural and generous virtue: and though the meddling and buſy politician, in the middling walks of life, often makes a ridiculous and laughable character, for wits and comic authors to expoſe and bring upon the ſtage, the man, whoſe principles are ſteady, who is thankful for the bleſſings he enjoys, and never loudly clamorous at the inconvenience which the emergency of the times may burthen him withal, will, on the contrary, ever be conſidered in a reſpectable light, and as a uſeful, faithful ſubject.

In every age there will be diſſatisfactions, complainings, and abuſe. Miniſters, taxes, and injuries of various denominations, will be talked of. The leſs you meddle with ſtate affairs the better. The beſt politician in humble life is the

man who manages his own affairs with prudence, yet at the ſame time feels a firm and loyal attachment to his king, in ſpite of the leaders of oppoſition, or the favourites of adminiſtration, and, if called upon, would endeavour to defend his rights.

How often have the oppreſſed natives of other countries been expoſed to all the horrors and carnage of deſtructive war, while the inhabitants of our own have lived ſecure and unmoleſted by every one but themſelves, in the midſt of plenty, and in a land of freedom! Invaſions have been talked of, and deſtruction propheſied, by prophets as falſe as the one which Henry the Seventh ſent to priſon for foretelling his death, without being able to diſcover what end he was himſelf to come to.

Our enemies, it is true, have appeared on the borders of our coaſts; but they left them again without making any attempt to diſturb or incommode us; being too well acquainted with the ſpirit of the true-born Engliſhmen to run the hazard of landing upon their ſhores with any hoſtile intention.

Though our fleets and armies, during the laſt war, were not crowned with that ſignal ſucceſs they formerly experienced, we ought not to judge from events, but circumſtances. Let us only look back to the

the æra of the war previous to the laſt, when we had powerful allies, and we ſhall find that both its beginning and end wore pretty nearly the ſame unfavourable aſpect.

The noble, the enterprizing Chatham lies numbered with the dead. But when the phœnix dies, another riſes from its aſhes. We ſtill have patriots that exert every talent they poſſeſs for the good of their country; whoſe characters deſerve to be immortalized.

Born in Old England, attached from principle, as well as intereſt, to the laws and cuſtoms of my native country, a well-wiſher to the commonwealth, and a loyal heart towards my king, I feel an honeſt indignation ariſe whenever I hear any diſaffected men boding, with their raven's croak, the deſtruction and downfal of its conſtitution. Much more muſt be done than has or ever will be attempted, ere the ſolid foundation on which we ſtand can be overthrown. We fight in the glorious cauſe of liberty and juſtice, againſt an army of ſlaves—ſlaves not only in political matters, but in the more important buſineſs of the mind—bigots to the religion they never had the liberty of chooſing, or the ſpirit to diſapprove, their ſwords are ever ready to pierce the boſom, however guiltleſs, that does not acknowledge the tenets of the church of Rome; ſuffer-

ing themſelves to be guided by a ſet of men, blinded by fear and ſuperſtition, through a life of ſlavery and miſery, too often to a death of torture.

How much more godlike, how much more delightful to a humane and generous ſoul, is the religion we poſſeſs! In England racks and tortures are unknown—no Inquiſition, to conceal cruelty, and protect injuſtice. The pooreſt wretch may ſerve his God in the manner he likes the beſt. We think not of condemning any to everlaſting miſery, becauſe they profeſs a religion different to ourſelves; but believe, that the honeſt, unoffending conduct of another will meet its certain reward from the Great Ruler of the univerſe, let his mode of worſhip be what it will; and have not a doubt but that the effuſions of piety and innocence will be as well accepted by our General Parent from the followers of the church of Rome as thoſe of the church of England.

Let us then, with impartial eyes, behold, and ſet a proper value on the numberleſs bleſſings we poſſeſs, nor ſuffer faction and diſcontent to render us incapable of enjoying them. Let us, inſtead of quarrelling in the ſenate or the cottage, unite with hearts and hands in one opinion. Let us ever remain uncorrupted, by bribery or fraud, to ſupport each other, and defend our

our king and country. Let us be true to ourſelves at home, and we ſhall have but little to fear from our enemies abroad.—But whilſt traitors are ſuffered to diſaffect the minds of the people, and the parliament meet only to quarrel and find fault with the meaſures adopted by others, becauſe they do not happen to ſucceed, no wonder our enemies have dared to be ſeen in our channel, and that we began to tremble at the numerous forces of France and Spain, which were united againſt us.

A houſe divided againſt itſelf cannot ſtand.—Is not a kingdom in the ſame predicament?

The following little anecdote of the great Duke of Buckingham will convince you that he was well acquainted with human nature:—

When that diſtinguiſhed nobleman was in high court favour, a patriotic country member of parliament loudly expoſtulated with the duke on the many grievances the nation ſuſtained by the conduct of adminiſtration. The duke, after giving him a very patient hearing, anſwered—'My dear 'friend, this is but too true: but I have 'thought of an expedient that will ſet all 'things right, and that very ſoon.'—His country friend enquired what it was.——'You muſt know,' ſays the duke, 'there

'is a place, worth five hundred pounds a 'year, fallen this morning, which I in- 'tend putting you in immediate poſſeſſion 'of.'—The gentleman thanked his grace, went away ſatisfied, and thought the nation the happieſt under heaven during that adminiſtration.

The following will enable you to diſtinguiſh the true patriot from the number of falſe pretenders, and give you a proper idea of the dignity and virtue of that rare, but truly noble character.

ANECDOTES OF PATRIOTISM:

Not what IT IS, but what IT HAS BEEN, and perhaps NEVER WILL BE AGAIN.

THIS powerful and ſublime paſſion, by depriving man in ſome meaſure of his natural feelings, prompts him to love his country independently of himſelf. It was owing to it that Decius ſacrificed his life, Fabius his honour, Camillus his reſentment, Brutus and Manlius their children.

Pœdaretus, of Lacedemon, on preſenting himſelf, in order to be admitted a member of the Council of Three Hundred (the Lacedemonian houſe of commons, we will ſuppoſe) was refuſed a ſeat. —Did he, in conſequence thereof, labour night and day to excite diſcord among his fellow

fellow citizens, and to obſtruct the eſſential operations of government?—No: he went away rejoicing that Sparta was found to contain three hundred men of greater worth than himſelf.

A Spartan lady had five ſons in the army, and was in hourly expectation of news from the field of battle. A meſſenger returns from the camp; and with trembling agitation ſhe applies to him for information.—'Your five ſons,' ſaid he, 'are 'ſlain.'—'Baſe ſlave! did I aſk thee that?' —'Yet we have gained the victory.'—'Thanks to the gods!' exclaimed the mother. And ſhe inſtantly flew to the temple, in order to offer up her thanks.

During a period of the Roman hiſtory, Porſena, king of the Tuſcans, laid ſiege to the city of Rome, and was on the point of reducing it to the laſt extremity. A young Roman, fraught with a noble ardour, repairs, in the diſguiſe of an Etrurian, into the enemy's camp, advance even to the royal tent; and miſtaking him for the king, ſtabs his ſecretary to the heart. On being ſeized, and aſked his name, 'I am a Roman,' replied he ſternly, 'and my name is Mutius. Thou beholdeſt 'in me one enemy who wanted to kill 'another; and I ſhall not have leſs cou-'rage to ſuffer death than I had to give 'it.'—In the mean time, as if deſirous to

puniſh his right hand for having diſappointed him of his prey, he put it upon a red-hot coal, which had been juſt kindled for a ſacrifice; and he beheld it gradually conſume away, without betraying the ſmalleſt ſenſe of pain. The king, ſtruck with this prodigy of reſolution, ordered him to be removed from the altar, and to be reſtored to his liberty—'Since,' ſaid Mutius to him, 'thou knoweſt the value of virtue, 'what thou ſhouldſt not have torn from 'me by thy threats, I will freely grant to 'thy generoſity. Know, then, that there 'are three hundred of us, young Romans, 'who have ſworn before the gods, that 'we will murder thee in the midſt of thy 'guards, or periſh, one and all of us, in 'the attempt.'——Porſena, equally ſtruck with admiration and terror at his ſpeech, immediately raiſed the ſiege.

Among the priſoners whom Mithridates took in one of the many battles he fought with the Romans, an officer, named Pomponius, was one day brought before him, dangerouſly wounded. The king aſked him, if, ſhould he ſave his life, he might reckon him among the number of his friends?—'Yes,' replied the priſoner, 'if 'you make peace with the Roman: if 'not, it would be a crime in me to heſi-'tate upon the ſubject.'

In

In the hiſtory of China, we read of a Chineſe, who, juſtly irritated at the many acts of oppreſſion committed by the grandees, waited upon the emperor, and after enumerating his complaints, 'I come,' ſaid he, 'to preſent myſelf a victim to 'that death which ſix hundred of my 'fellow citizens have already experienced 'for a ſimilar remonſtrance. At the 'ſame time I give thee notice to prepare 'for a ſeries of freſh executions; for in 'China there are ſtill eighteen thouſand 'truſty patriots, who, for the ſame cauſe, 'will ſucceſſively apply to thee for the ſame 'reward.' The emperor, ſavage as he was, could not reſiſt ſo much reſolution: the above words ſunk deep into his heart; and making an immediate enquiry into the grievances complained of, he not only effectually ſuppreſſed them, but put to death the culprits who had occaſioned ſo much miſery to his ſubjects.

The ſame hiſtory furniſhes another ſtriking inſtance of patriotiſm, and that in a female boſom. An emperor of China, purſued by the victorious arms of one of his ſubjects, endeavoured to avail himſelf of the blind reſpect which, in that country, a ſon entertains for the commands of his mother, in order to oblige that ſubject to diſarm. For this purpoſe he diſpatches an officer to his mother; and he, with a

poniard in his hand, tells her, that there is but one alternative before her, death or obedience.—'Would it pleaſe your maſ-'ter,' replied ſhe to him, with a ſmile of bitterneſs, 'to hear that I am ignorant of 'the tacit, though ſacred compact, which 'unites every ſubject to his ſovereign, and 'by which the former are bound to obey, 'and the latter to rule with juſtice? By 'himſelf hath this compact been originally 'violated. Baſe informer of the orders 'of a tyrant, learn from a woman, what, 'in ſuch a ſituation, one owes to one's 'country.' With theſe words, ſhe ſnatches the poniard from the officer, ſtabs herſelf with it, and ſays, 'Slave, if yet there is 'any virtue remaining in thee, carry to 'my ſon this bloody poniard; tell him to 'revenge his country, to puniſh the ty-'rant; no longer has he aught to dread 'for me, to excite in him a ſcruple, or to 'reſtrain him from the paths of virtue.'

In the eleventh century, Godiva, wife of the Duke of Mercia, (a branch of the Saxon heptarchy) manifeſted her love for her country, by a ſingular exploit. For beauty and virtue this princeſs ſtands the foremoſt of her age. Her huſband having impoſed a very oppreſſive tax upon the inhabitants of Coventry, ſhe ſtrongly urged him to ſuppreſs it: but the duke, a man of unaccountable caprice, refuſed her requeſt, unleſs

unleſs ſhe would traverſe the whole town naked. Godiva, deſpairing of ſucceſs by any other means, ſubmitted to his brutal whim; and having iſſued orders that the inhabitants ſhould remain confined to their houſes, and not look at her, upon pain of death, ſhe mounted on horſeback, rode through all the ſtreets of Coventry, without any other covering than what a copious head of hair afforded her. One man, inſtigated by curioſity, peeped out of a window; and his impudence was immediately puniſhed with death. In memory of this event, the remains of a ſtatue, in the attitude of a perſon gazing, are ſtill to be ſeen upon that very ſpot of the ancient city of Coventry.

During the threatened invaſion of Britain, in the courſe of a former war with France, when there ſeemed to be a probability that the actual ſervice of every member of the community might be requeſted for the ſecurity of the kingdom, an Engliſhman thus frankly expreſſed his ſentiments on the occaſion: "As I am neither "ſoldier, nor ſeaman," ſaid he, "I will "not ſcruple to acknowledge, that I have "no pretenſions to bravery; but as a ci-"tizen, my purſe is at the ſervice of my "country; my laſt guinea will I with "pleaſure reſign for the good of Old "Eng-

" England; but in no extremity will I be " prevailed upon to take up arms."

Of the truth of the following ſtory, which happened nearly at the ſame period with the above, the reader may reſt aſſured. —In a company, one day, the converſation happened to turn upon the ſuppoſed intention which the French had formed of making a deſcent upon England. A child of about nine years of age, after liſtening with great attention to what was ſaid, ſuddenly ſtarted up from his chair, and ran forward to his father:—" Pray, papa," ſays he, " if the French come here, will " they bring any little boys with them?" " —I can't tell," replies the father;— " but, why do you aſk?"—" Becauſe," replies the other, clinching his fiſts, " I " would box them one after another; and " give them ſuch a drubbing, that they " would never wiſh to come again."—— The gentlemen preſent, as it may be ſuppoſed, were enchanted with this infantine, though noble, impulſe of reſentment, againſt the declared enemies of the country; and taking him in their arms, they loaded him with careſſes and with praiſes for his patriotic reſolution.

AMBI-

AMBITION.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raiſe your expectations high.
See that the balanc'd ſcale be ſuch,
You neither fear or hope too much.
For diſappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and paſſion point the ſting.
Life is a ſea where ſtorms muſt riſe,
'Tis folly talks of cloudleſs ſkies:
He who contracts his ſwelling ſail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

AMBITION, the deſire of accumulating riches, or acquiring fame, often leads to great and noble actions; but more frequently miſleads the mind of which it has taken poſſeſſion: it breaks through the moſt tender ties, and madly overleaps every barrier that would oppoſe its progreſs; witneſs the havock it has made ſince the firſt beginning of the world, amongſt the ſons and daughters of Adam: it firſt diſcovered itſelf in the boſom of Cain, and has ſince been deſcending from generation to generation, and given to many unhappy parents a Cain, that has ruined the peace of the whole family.

It carries the warrior undaunted to the field of battle; but it often renders him inſen-

inſenſible, or indifferent, to the terrors and miſeries of the carnage it occaſions; it will ſend its ſordid and aſpiring votaries to the burning climes of Africa; but when they are arrived, it will whiſper that the unhappy natives muſt be ſacrificed to that Ambition which brought them there; and thouſands of innocent and harmleſs people have been ſentenced to die, for no other crime, than becauſe they unhappily inhabited that envied, but baneful ſpot, where gold and diamonds were hid in the bowels of the earth.

Ambition has brought kings to the ſcaffold, and depopulated nations: it has bribed the philoſopher to forſake his integrity, and made the orator dumb. A golden cup is ſaid to have been fatal to Demoſthenes; yet it has conſoled the hardy veteran for the loſs of his limbs, and raiſed the obſcure to honours and power: it has enlivened the gloom of a priſon,. after ſentencing its victim to its dreary confines, and tempted youth, innocence, and beauty, to unite itſelf with old age, uglineſs, and guilt: in fact, 'tis a kind of enigma, that cannot be clearly expounded; a paſſion that, under proper reſtrictions, may be uſeful; when unbounded, a frenzy to the poſſeſſor, and a dangerous enemy to its opponents: it encourages the poet, whilſt ſtarving in his garret,

garret, and cheers him with hope, whilſt his pocket and ſtomach are empty; 'tis therefore a friend and an enemy: a bleſſing and a curſe; a virtue and a vice.

So complex and undefinable a paſſion ought to be admitted to our boſoms with care, and guarded againſt with caution, before it is permitted to become an inmate there. Ambition to excell in virtue, to acquire knowledge, and to do good, muſt ever be laudable, and ſeldom fails to be crowned with ſucceſs; to be great in every excellence that ſerves to improve, enlarge, and ennoble the mind, deſirable; but when it degenerates to the mere aggrandiſement of name, or the acquiring wealth by unlawful or diſhoneſt means; when it can trample on all laws divine and human, deſtroying the lives and properties of our fellow-creatures, who are already enſlaved by its cruel fetters—'tis then, indeed, a monſter, armed at all points, and truly deteſtable.

Wealth procured by rapine or injuſtice; fame purchaſed by cruelty; dignity bought by diſhonourable practices, or a defalcation of principles, are vague and unſubſtantial enjoymens; they will neither buy off repentance, nor bribe remorſe to be ſilent; the means by which they gained their point, prevent the effect they promiſed

miſed themſelves from the acquirement; and they loſe the bleſſing, in the recollection of the method by which it was obtained.

The ambitious man, who has dared to ſacrifice his integrity to this his ruling paſſion, may be aſſured, that the virtue he has ſo fooliſhly given up, will haunt him with unceaſing regret, and that he will find even a bed of down, though decorated with the labours of the ſilk-worm, uneaſy as the ſtraw was to thoſe poor victims his ambition ſent to languiſh in a dungeon, or ſtarve in the black-hole at Calcutta.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth ſurveys
Nought greater than an honeſt humble heart;
An humble heart his reſidence; pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives.

YOUNG.

To confine our wiſhes and ſet bounds to our deſires, is the province of true, unaſpiring wiſdom; to give way to them, or let them become our rulers, is to inveſt them with authority to lead us from that ſecure and peaceful path, which alone can guide us to happineſs. By ſo doing, we become the voluntary ſlaves of our own follies

follies and ambitious deſires, and are in a much worſe and more perilous ſituation than the blind beggar, whoſe only guide, whoſe only friend, is his poor but faithful dog: he will ſtop at the firſt appearance of danger, and prevent his helpleſs maſter from running into miſchief. Our paſſions, our ambitious deſires, are far more dangerous guides: they will hold out a tempting bait, and we eagerly run into the ſnare; in vain does prudence admoniſh, or conſcience by its ſilent reproaches, endeavour to reſtrain us, when once we have given the reins of juſtice and virtue out of our hands, and placed them in thoſe of our enemies: we are driven furiouſly along, without either diſcretion, fear, or judgment. The precipice appears in view; but to ſtop would be cowardly: we go on rapidly, regardleſs of conſequences, till we are left in the gloomy regions of deſpair, and unavailing repentance.

O! ſweetneſs of content! ſeraphic joy!
That, wanting nothing, nothing can deſtroy:
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where, but in ſhades remote from human-kind:
In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But ſeldom comes within the palace-gate.

LORD LANDSDOWN.

'Hear

'Hear the words of Prudence, give 'heed unto her counſels, and ſtore them 'in thine heart; her maxims are univer- 'ſal, and all the virtues lean upon her; 'ſhe is the guide and the miſtreſs of hu- 'man life.

'From the experience of others do thou 'learn wiſdom; and from their failings 'correct thine own faults.

'The fool is not always unfortunate, 'nor the wiſe man always ſucceſsful; 'yet, never had a fool a thorough enjoy- 'ment, never was a wiſe man wholly un- 'happy.

ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah! wild Ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below!
Mourn'd by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's ſupport, and vainly ripen'd fields:
Mourn'd by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, tho' not yet a bride:
By mothers mourn'd, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.

TEMPERANCE.

Wou'd you extend your narrow ſpan,
And make the moſt of life you can;
Wou'd you, when med'cines cannot ſave,
Deſcend with eaſe into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good night?
Let Temperance conſtantly preſide,
Our beſt phyſician, friend and guide!

DR. COTTON.

HAIL! genial TEMPERANCE! parent of virtue! ſiſter of diſcretion! friend to the young! conſolation to the aged! vigour and length of years are in thy train; diſeaſe ſeldom dares to appear in thy preſence—and repentance is a ſtranger to thy habitation.

My children follow the wiſe rules of Temperance; and ſtrictly adhere to her friendly precepts; they will guard you from a thouſand ills which lurk unſeen. If the luxuries of life are not neceſſary to your real comforts, why ſhould you hazard a certain good for a momentary enjoyment.

'Nature, extenſive in its deſires, wants 'a rational reſtraint,' Decency and decorum muſt be obſerved. Temperance muſt hold the reins of our inclinations, or they would ſoon go beyond the bounds which

which reaſon and prudence require. The Grecian, and indeed all the ancient philoſophers, knowing the good which would ariſe from the ſtrict obſervance of Temperance, juſtly ranked it amongſt the higheſt of Chriſtian virtues; and it has been and ever will be found of the utmoſt benefit to mankind, both as to mental and corporeal advantages.

It will be an eaſy matter to produce a number of inſtances in which Temperance proves itſelf a real friend. It is a guard againſt various diſeaſes, an enemy to paſſion, a ſecurity againſt all exceſſive vices and immoderate deſires, a benign colleague, whoſe ſoft compoſure and ſteady fidelity cannot fail to render our minds a ſource of complacency to themſelves; in fact, it comprizes every quality that can ſerve to make our lives uſeful and happy.

Obſerve the unfortunate being who is under the degrading influence of its oppoſite vice: you will ſee him expoſed to the rude aſſaults of a thouſand contending and jarring paſſions, and toſſed about from one ſcene of extravagance and folly to another, till the form of human nature is all that remains; and too often that is ſo bloated and diſfigured by the diſeaſes brought upon it by intemperance, that it remains a miſerable picture of human depravity.

TEMPERANCE, though it will not go beyond the bounds of moderation, will not diſcourage us in any of our prudent endeavours to excel in what is right; but, by being the guide and director of our actions, in a manner inſure our ſucceſs, and whilſt it reſtrains the eagerneſs of deſire, it checks the folly of too anguine expectation.

The world has nothing to give, that will raiſe extravagant deſires in the boſom of the temperate; nothing to take away that can deprive them of that happineſs, which originated from a much purer ſource than the indulgences of paſſion, or the gratifications of any ambitious views or deluſive hopes. Poſſeſſing compoſure, ſatisfied with the thoughts of having acted right, and of adding dignity to human nature, they have not to look abroad for pleaſure; they can find it in its utmoſt purity in the ſweet ſerenity of a mind at peace with itſelf, and therefore are reſigned and ſatisfied with the fluctuating changes that may attack them from abroad; and by keeping this ſteady centinel always on guard, are armed and ſecured againſt that tremendous hoſt of foes which perpetually threaten and hover round the unguarded victims of intemperance.

Happy am I that truth will authoriſe me to aſſert, that my own ſex are more obſerv-

obſerving of this invaluable virtue, than thoſe who are called the lords of the creation; who, whilſt they proudly vaunt of being made the rulers over all creatures, are too often untaught in the uſeful and happy art of ruling themſelves. Modeſty muſt ever be the friend of temperance; therefore, whilſt the female boſom preſerves the one, it cannot fail to retain the other.

It may be here obſerved, that man is more expoſed to temptation than woman; I grant it may be ſo; but if they boaſt ſuperior ſtrength, reaſon, and knowledge, why not give a proof of being poſſeſſed of all theſe advantages, by their ſuperior reſolution to perſevere in the practice of thoſe virtues, of which temperance is the beſt and ſureſt guard? The perſon moſt immoderate in his deſires, is the moſt expoſed to danger. The extremes of any one vice or folly are dangerous and cannot be excuſed. Dreſs in the extreme is ill becoming and ridiculous; pleaſure in the extreme is often fatal, or brings upon its unthinking votaries the ſevereſt puniſhments. Temperance therefore, is a virtue, as pleaſant as it is rational: 'tis aided by reaſon, applauded by truth, and acts in conformity to every precept of religion and morality; it ſubdues the violence of deſire, checks the career of vice, and muſt be nearly allied to contentment; it is in itſelf

itſelf a treaſure more valuable than all the treaſures of the eaſtern world, and founded on a baſis, which if we reſolutely determine ſhall not be ſhaken, will prove a rock of defence from a thouſannd perils; 'Tis a pleaſure we may enjoy in a world of uncertainty with perfect ſecurity.—— "He who robs us of our gold takes traſh." —But he who would deprive us of temperance and a good character, would rob us of a treaſure whoſe value is ineſtimable. It is the want of temperance in our enjoyments that renders them diſguſting and palling to the ſenſes.

Temperance includes in itſelf every ingredient that would ſerve to render this life pleaſing and comfortable, and is in a manner preparing us for the more pure, perfect and permanent enjoyments of the next. 'Tis ſo true and faithful a preceptor, ſo friendly a monitor, ſo unerring a guide, ſo general, and extenſive are its benefits, that I entreat you, my children, if you value my admonitions, never to loſe ſight of it.

Mildneſs is a reſtraint upon anger, fear upon guilt, but temperance is a reſtraint upon all the paſſions: there is not one of them to which it may not be recommended as an univerſal medium; it unites ſociety, and preſerves decency and decorum in the world;

world, 'tis not the wayward child of fancy, but the deſcendants of virtue and peace.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know,
What ſecret joys of ſtill enjoyment flow,
When brothers love; but if their hate ſucceeds,
They wage the war, but 'tis the father bleeds.
YOUNG.

I KNOW not a more captivating and intereſting ſcene, repreſented in human life, than a large family of children united in the ſoft and gentle bonds of FRATERNAL AFFECTION. How pleaſant and ſoothing the reflection, to have a ſet of tender and ſincere friends in our neareſt and deareſt relatives! Whilſt, on the contrary, to ſee brothers and ſiſters perpetually at variance, or cold and indifferent to the wants and wiſhes of each other, is a proof that their hearts and diſpoſitions muſt be ſtrangely callous or inſenſible to the fineſt feelings of the mind. How is it poſſible that ſuch children can love the parent who gave them being, when they ſhew no affection, no tenderneſs to the brother or ſiſter born of the ſame mother, reared by the ſame careful hand, cheriſhed at the ſame

ſame maternal boſom, and watched with the ſame eye that beamed with love and ſweetneſs on themſelves!—Diſcord and diſputes in families are the moſt unpleaſant, the moſt difficult to reconcile: and whilſt brothers and ſiſters wage war againſt each other, they rack with anguiſh the parental boſoms, which love and good will would fill with peace and contentment.

If we cannot put up with the failings of thoſe to whom by nature we are ſo nearly allied, how can we expect that our own failings and frailties will meet with any indulgence from others? If we expoſe the faults of a brother or ſiſter, can we ſuppoſe that an indifferent perſon, upon whom we have no claim, will conceal or palliate ours?

On a ſteady union being obſerved in families much good depends, not only in reſpect to happineſs, but in regard to our well-doing in the world. If we cannot rely on our brother or our ſiſter to ſupport us in our difficulties, in whom can we truſt?—If we cannot live in peace with ſuch near and dear relations, our ſincerity muſt be ſuſpected whenever we make profeſſions of regard to others.

The happineſs or miſery of our lives in a great meaſure reſults from the attachments of the heart. Obſerve then, to be ever ſteadily attached to thoſe to whom you are

tenderly allied by the ties of nature.—Though your ſiſter be more admired than yourſelf, for the elegance of her form or the charms of her mind, inſtead of its creating envy or diſcontent in your boſom, let it excite emulation: and be not ſo mean and wicked as to diſlike your brother or ſiſter, for thoſe virtues and good qualities for which they are beloved by others. Friendſhip, in its higheſt, and moſt exalted purity, ſhould be encouraged and kept up between you. From the claims of nature you have a claim to integrity, affection and ſincerity. If your brother ſets off with you in the purſuit of knowledge, and makes a more rapid progreſs than yourſelf, let not his leaving you at a diſtance keep him at a diſtance from your heart. Let it rather ſerve to make you eager to follow his example, and if you cannot equal him in your acquirements be not deficient in loving him for excelling even yourſelf in what he undertakes.—If you cannot form a friendſhip with your brothers and ſiſters, your heart muſt be incapable of ever knowing that moſt generous and noble of all attachments.

Let me entreat you my beloved children, to love and endeavour to ſupport each other through life. Never betray ſo ſacred and delightful an union by expoſing each other's foibles or frailties.—There is a gentle

a gentle chain which binds all nature; but its links are more ſtrong and binding in regard to parents and children.—So ſtrong they ought to be as never to be broken aſunder by misfortunes, diſſimilarity of opinions, or different purſuits.

Remember too, 'That the piety of a 'child is ſweeter than the incenſe of Per-'ſia offered to the ſun; yea, more delici-'ous than odours wafted from a field of 'Arabian ſpices by the weſtern gales.

'Forget not thy helpleſs infancy; nor 'the frowardneſs of thy youth; and in-'dulge the infirmities of thy aged parents, 'aſſiſt and ſupport them in the decline of 'life.

'So ſhall their hoary heads go down to 'the grave in peace, and thine own chil-'dren, in reverence to thy example, ſhall 'repay thy piety with filial love.'

Occonomy of Human Life.

If any of you ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to deviate from the right path, and wander into the labyrinth of vice and error, endeavour by your example and Fraternal tenderneſs to bring them back, and convince them, though others may deſpiſe and forſake them in the moments of adverſity, you are ſtill ready to ſupport, admoniſh and love them, and inſtead of repining at ſeeing the fatted calf prepared

for the prodigal's return, you can rejoice at and enjoy the feaſt with all the gentle tranſports of affection.

'If thy brother is in adverſity, aſſiſt 'him; if thy ſiſter is in trouble forget 'her not.

'So ſhall the fortunes of thy father con-'tribute to the ſupport of his whole race; 'and his care be continued to you all in 'your love to each other.

OECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

ENVY AND DETRACTION.

The paſſions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, poſitive and loud:
Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife,
Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
If they grow mutinous and rave,
They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.

DR. COTTON.

OF all the baſe and corroding paſſions which infeſt the human mind, ENVY and DETRACTION, as being the moſt malignant and deteſtable, have the firſt claim to cenſure. Revenge brings with it a dreadful train of horrors, and no injuries can be a juſt excuſe for its obtaining admiſſion to the mind of a Chriſtian. The boſom, in-

veloped and poluted by the ſnaky powers of either of the above-mentioned paſſions, can feel no pleaſure, know no joy, but what ariſes from the miſeries, diſtreſſes, and misfortunes of their fellow-creatures. To think others happy, to hear them admired, or ſee them careſſed, is a mortification not to be endured; 'tis a wound to their callous hearts, no medicine can heal; and, by giving them entrance to their minds, they entail a painful diſeaſe upon themſelves, which time cannot cure; it will throw a gloom over their ſpirits, even in the lap of pleaſure, or amidſt the ſplendours of a court, and rob proſperity of its charms. Wretched, juſtly wretched, muſt be that weak mind, which admits envy, or revenge, for its ruling principles! All the benign influence of our bleſſed Saviour's example is loſt upon ſuch unfortunate beings, and every generous propenſity checked, by ſuch vile and dangerous leaders.

Self-defence is the firſt law of nature. As carefully as we would guard our lives from the ſword of the midnight aſſaſſin, ſhould we arm our minds againſt the entrance of every malignant inclination. Permit them once to over-run the ſoil, and ſpread their baneful poiſon around, every enjoyment will be rendered taſteleſs, every gentle and generous paſſion will ſhrink from ſuch pernicious ſociety.

How delightful and god-like, is the ſoft complacency of Charity, Benevolence, and Senſibiliy! Bleſt inmates of the immortal ſoul! Cheriſh ſuch ſweet gueſts, my children; give them the firſt place in your boſoms: you will then find your own happineſs encreaſed, by the happineſs and proſperity of all your fellow-creatures. Be ever ready to aſſiſt the unfortunate, to raiſe the humble, to cheer the drooping ſpirits of a fallen ſiſter; and tenderly endeavour to ſupport and conſole the thouſand ſons and daughters of miſery. You will find ſuch a temper of mind one continued ſcene of rational delight, and a never-failing ſource of pleaſure: the good wiſhes and prayers of your fellow-creatures will abundantly repay you, and the conſcious peace, the ſweet complacency which will attend you, in the hour of ſecret meditation, will prove an ample reward. How delightful will be the thought, when you addreſs your Maker, that the prayers of thoſe you have endeavoured to relieve or conſole, had already reached the throne of Grace in your behalf, and that your own prayers are heard, amidſt the grateful incenſe of others petitions, for bleſſings on your head!

Do good to all: endeavour to love your enemies: forgive an injury, and, by ſo doing, you will find it unable to wound you:

you: let the art of knowing yourſelf, be your firſt ſtudy: 'tis, perhaps, the hardeſt leſſon to learn; but, be aſſured, 'tis the moſt neceſſary: root out of your own hearts every noxious weed of vice, in whatever form it may appear, and the ſoil will produce ſuch flowers, as will make the path of life pleaſant to yourſelves, and uſeful to others. Of this be ſatisfied; for 'tis the language of truth, founded on the experience of age—that it is much eaſier, and wiſer, to practiſe every virtue, than its oppoſite vice; that virtue will increaſe your happineſs, whilſt here; but that vice will not fail to prevent your obtaining it, both here and hereafter.

'Female ſcandal,' ſays a very pleaſing writer, 'is the bane of ſociety; it is there-
'fore a queſtion whether there be more
'actual barbariſm and ferocity in the male
'aſſemblies of the Turks and Ruſſians,
'than among the mixed companies of
'France and the Britiſh Iſlands. Of all
'the outrages againſt ſociety and human
'intercourſe, whether conſidered in a reli-
'gious, a moral or ſocial light, indiſcri-
'minate attacks upon people that are ab-
'ſent, is the greateſt, the moſt practiſed,
'and oftenеſt paſſed with impunity. It is
'the vice of little minds, under the bane-
'ful influence of Envy, which implies an
'acknowledged ſuperiority in the object

'of their rancour. The abuſe of parties, 'religions, and countries, all originate 'from the ſame baſe and ungenerous mo-'tives.'

As the following letter will ſerve in ſome meaſure to ſhew the injuſtice and malicious effects of ENVY and DETRACTION I think it proper to inſert it here.

To the PARENTAL MONITOR.

'MADAM,

'THOUGH I am not young, I wiſh 'very much for the advice of a friend; 'and as from the nature of the preſent em-'ployment I am led to conclude, that you 'are inclined to be the friend of every one 'who requeſts your advice, I will make 'no apologies for addreſſing you; yet 'mine is ſuch a ridiculous ſpecies of com-'plaint, as I know not how to deſcribe; 'a ſituation ſo extremely odd and uncom-'mon that I am at a loſs to gueſs whether 'you will not be more ready to laugh at, 'than to pity me; but, perhaps, as you 'are an author, you may have experienced 'ſimilar mortifications, and therefore will 'have compaſſion on my diſtreſs.

'I am a married woman; my face and 'perſon have no pretenſions to beauty or 'elegance; but happening unfortunately

'to

'to have a propenſity for ſcribbling, from 'the time I had been taught to hold a pen, 'I have been looked upon with Envy 'by my own ſex, and by many of the 'other have been thought to have ſtept 'ſtrangely out of my place; yet my muſe 'is perfectly harmleſs, my employment in-'offenſive.

'I have ſo accuſtomed myſelf to the uſe 'of the pen, that I muſt either write, or 'ſquander away many hours, which ought 'not to be ſpent in idleneſs and ſloth. In 'truth my books and my pen are abſo-'lutely neceſſary, to make old Time held 'by me in the eſtimation to which he is 'juſtly entitled.—They are the deſſert 'which ſucceeds my dinners and ſuppers, 'and are as grateful to my taſte as a pro-'fuſion of rarities to the moſt voluptuous.

'In the ſpring, when nature begins to ap-'pear in her flowering robes of gay variety, 'notwithſtanding age has laid his hand 'upon me and marked me for his victim, 'I live over again, in my enlivened ima-'gination, the delightful age of nineteen, 'and during the whole of that ſweet ſea-'ſon I indulge the humour of romance, 'and am ſometimes led to imagine a druid 'in every hollow oak, and in every caſtle 'an enchanted lady.

'In a fine ſummer morning, I ſome-'times attempt to ſcribble paſtorals: but

'all the year round am much given to 'write elegies, for which I have been ridiculed, praiſed and cenſured.

'In autumn, I experience the moſt 'grateful tranſports for the bountiful profuſion with which I ſee mankind ſupplied: 'and then I write on religious ſubjects, 'and endeavour to do juſtice to that Being, 'whoſe bounty extends to the contracted 'garden of the pooreſt peaſant; whoſe vegetable harveſt often affords the little inhabitants of a cottage a perfume and treat 'ſuperior to any found at the table of 'affluence.

'When the ſnow covers the earth, I 'look at its dazzling whiteneſs with delight, and even venture to ſuppoſe that 'it was meant to inſtil leſſons of inſtruction; that its whiteneſs may juſtly be 'compared to the beauty of innocence, 'and may be deſtroyed; whilſt the ſhortneſs of its ſtay may be compared to the 'life of man.

'When the air is ſharp and clear, I am 'rather apt to ſay things more ſharp than 'at other ſeaſons, and ſometimes, in a 'ſong, meant to ſhoot folly as it flies, ridicule the vices of the age, particularly 'if I have been reading any of the London papers.

'But this is not all: I ventured to publiſh a novel or two, and from that period

'the

'the greateſt part of my diſtreſſes began. 'No ſooner had I commenced author, than 'every eye was fixed upon me to diſcover 'faults, every tongue employed in pulling 'me to pieces.

'If I relieve an object of diſtreſs, how-'ever ſmall the donation, it is given with 'a view to make people ſuppoſe I am won-'derfully charitable. In the fitting up a 'new houſe, neatneſs was pride, and ſim-'ple fancy oſtentation. If I wear a cap 'with a bit of riband puffed upon it, my 'head is dreſſed out like a May garland; 'or if I happen, from want of inclination, 'or am compelled by indiſpoſition, to ap-'pear in a diſhabile, people are vaſtly ſorry 'to ſee the authoreſs turned ſlattern, and 'wonder I do not take more care to pre-'ſerve my huſband's heart; for, vain, as I 'may be of the beauties of the mind, it 'were better to put rather leſs dependence 'upon them. If a few friends drink tea 'with me, my mould candles are tranſ-'formed into wax; and if I attempt be-'ing hoſpitable, I am ſure to be abuſed 'for extravagance.

'Thus, Envy, with her ten thouſand 'malignant and fertile inventions, is con-'tinually aiming her ſhafts at the peace of 'one, who is not conſcious of deſerving a 'wound; and every little meanneſs which 'her malice can contrive, is put in practice

'to

'to interrupt and deſtroy the contentment 'of a being, who wiſhes peace and happi- 'neſs to all mankind, and who ſcorns to 'have recourſe to the like meanneſs, by 'way of retaliation.

'Had I been bleſt with more than an 'ordinary ſhare of wealth or beauty, I 'ſhould not have wondered at being an 'object of Envy: but, without being the 'rival of my own ſex, by exciting the ad- 'miration of the other, 'tis ſurely very 'hard, I may not be allowed to poſſeſs a 'little common-ſenſe, which, in this polite 'age, is thought of very inconſiderable 'value.

'What am I to do, my good madam? 'If I ſtay at home, I write, and neglect my 'family affairs; and if I go abroad, I am 'loſing my money at the card-table, when 'I ought to be making or mending my 'childrens clothes; whilſt every endeavour 'to amuſe and entertain my friends is mere 'vanity, only meant to ſhew my own wit 'and cleverneſs. Many of the genteel 'people in the town and neighbourhood, 'durſt not think of viſiting a wit: ſome 'few, indeed, are daring enough to ven- 'ture being ſociable with me; and, when 'interrogated reſpecting their opinion, de- 'clare, the woman is very well; but that, 'for their parts, they cannot diſcover any

'parti-

'particular cleverneſs or oddneſs in her 'converſation.

'Now my good madam, as I muſt nei- 'ther viſit nor ſtay at home, dreſs with 'decent ſmartneſs, nor appear in diſha- 'bille; as I muſt neither amuſe myſelf 'with writing, reading, or walking, I 'ſhould be glad to know in what manner 'I am to employ my time, or what method 'I am to purſue, in order to prevent a 'miſconſtruction being put upon every ac- 'tion. Your advice will be eſteemed a very 'great obligation conferred on your friend 'and admirer,

'MARTHA READWELL.'

This lady's ſituation is really diſagreeable and diſtreſſing, though not ſo very ſingular as ſhe imagines. Few are fond of allowing ſuperior merit to another, let it be ſhewn in whatever way it will. The manner in which ſhe has been treated, has at once convinced me that ſhe deſerves applauſe, inſtead of cenſure.

The envious railer is ſeldom ſenſible that he is paying a compliment to the perſon he pretends to deſpiſe, by confirming, to the more penetrating part of the world, that there muſt be ſomething to admire, or there would not be ſuch vaſt pains taken to depreciate. Indeed it is a compliment

few

few would wiſh to receive; yet, ſtrange as it may appear, 'tis enough to create vanity, and ſow the ſeeds of pride, in the boſom of unaſſuming merit.

The Parental Monitor adviſes Mrs. Redwell to peruſe the following thoughts on Calumny, ſaid to be written by Governor Hutchinſon, which will convince her that ſhe ſhares the ſame fate with the very beſt characters. And likewiſe requeſts her to purſue the ſame employments which ſhe finds ſo conducive to her own happineſs, and which ſhe appears deſirous of making ſubſervient to the uſe and happineſs of others; to be above the mean ſcandal and little malice, which can never deeply wound when undeſerved;—and to remember, that 'a prophet hath no honour in 'his own country.'

THOUGHTS ON CALUMNY.

'CLAUMNY may be defined a falſe, 'injurious detraction from the character 'of any perſon, either in ſpeech or writing. 'The moſt abandoned and ſordid minds 'have the leaſt abhorrence of Calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, 'durſt not venture upon it; he who has 'but a ſpark of ingenuity in his temper, 'diſdains it. One aſked a Spartan, Whether

'ther his ſword was ſharp? he anſwered, "Sharper than Calumny."

'*The calumniator* is a general miſan-'thropiſt; he ſpares no age, order, nor ſex. 'He is a general calamity, and wants 'power, not will to be the Phæton of the 'world. He wiſhes the deſtruction of 'the human race, but the beſt and moſt 'uſeful men are his principal objects; for 'he that aims at the overthrow of a build-'ing, will bend his ſtrength againſt the 'pillars.

'United meaſures for the pubic good 'give the Calumniator nothing but tor-'ment, and he will ſtick at nothing to 'break the connection—he cannot bear to 'ſee individuals happy; and if he knows 'two of kindred ſouls, he is reſtleſs, until, 'by ſecret arts and inſinuations, he breaks 'the ſacred bands, and ſeparates Lælius 'from Scipio, Pylades from Oreſtes.

'*Calumny* is one of thoſe evils, which, 'for reaſons infinitely wiſe, God has per-'mitted in every age of the world; and 'the greateſt, the wiſeſt, the beſt of men, 'have ſuffered by Calumny.

'Moſes, though meek to a proverb, 'was calumniated by his own brother and 'ſiſter.

'Socrates among the Greeks, loſt his 'life by Calumny.

'*Calumny*

'*Calumny* baniſhed Rutillius from Old 'Rome; and Calumny depoſed Lord 'Somers, the greateſt, the beſt chancellor, 'that had ever been in England.

'I could fill a volume with a liſt of ami-'able characters which have been wounded 'by *Calumny*.—Shall we, then, wonder, if 'Calumny ſpits out its own venom upon 'characters confined to the ſmall orb of a 'province or colony?

'I have endeavoured to guard againſt 'the vice I am condemning. I have kept 'out of my own mind the reputed authors 'of the calumnies which have prevailed 'to ſo great a degree. I wiſh I could ex-'cite an abhorrence of the crime, and re-'morſe in the criminals.

'If Calumny be ſo pernicious to human 'ſociety, if it be a vice in its nature ſo de-'teſtable, why is it not every where ranked 'in the firſt claſs, and an adequate puniſh-'ment provided by all legiſlatures? It has 'been ſeen in different lights by different 'ſtates, and in different ages. Among the 'Athenians, the Calumniator was only ſub-'ject to a pecuniary mulct.

'The Romans branded him on the fore-'head.

'In ſome of the preſent governments in 'Europe, Calumny is a capital offence.

'A delicate ſenſe of honour had made 'duelling as frequent as libelling and Ca-'lumny;

'lumny; and the only way to prevent the 'former, was effectually to ſuppreſs the 'latter.

'In ſome other governments and their 'dependencies, Calumny ſeems to be tole-'rated. Is it becauſe that it prevails like 'a torrent, and it would break through all 'banks made to ſtop it? or, Are the peo-'ple leſs ſenſible of its ſtings; or have they 'more virtue to bear them? Poſſibly, falſe 'notions of liberty may be the true cauſe.

'In ſuch a government, how ſhall Ca-'lumny be avoided? Where ſhall protec-'tion be found? Where ſhall the injured 'ſeek redreſs? If Calumny may ſometimes 'loſe its force by being neglected, the Ca-'lumniator generally diſcovers his malici-'ous wicked intention, by inuendoes and 'words which need an interpreter: avoid, 'therefore, applying the Calumny to your-'ſelf, although you are ſure it was deſign-'ed for you.

PRIDE.

PRIDE.

From wiſdom's port how wonderfully wide
Steers the vain man who graſps the helm of pride;
Quickſands and ſhelves obſtruct his ſmootheſt way,
And rocks ſurround and ſhut him from the bay.
Moſt covet to be prais'd, belov'd, and great,
But few obtain thoſe bleſſings by conceit;
Sweet ſounds the fame from other trumpets blown:
But harſh the notes that iſſue from our own.

MOZEEN.

PRIDE, of all the frailties incident to our frail nature, is the weakeſt and moſt abſurd in a rational creature. I would adviſe all thoſe who feel the leaſt propenſity to being proud, to walk frequently in a church-yard; and if that does not bring them to a more juſt way of thinking, I ſhould give them up, as under the influence of an incureable diſeaſe. 'Tis aſtoniſhing to what abſurdities pride and haughtineſs will lead many of its ſhort-ſighted and undiſcerning ſlaves, and yet, nothing under the ſun more clearly proves the imperfection and vanity of human folly.

Of what are we proud? Of a fragile body? a fair complexion? a regular ſet of features, or an elegant ſhape? Recollect, how ſoon that body muſt return to its original duſt; how ſoon that form muſt be bent down by age, the faireſt complexion, the

the moſt perfect ſet of features ſallowed by affliction, or disfigured by the deſtroying hand of time.

Are you puffed up with PRIDE on account of your riches? or does your arrogance and ſelf-conceit originate from an idea of poſſeſſing ſuperior abilities, or excelling in any particular art or ſcience? Remember that riches make themſelves wings and fly away, and that for every advantage you poſſeſs more than others, you ought to be grateful, humble, and thankful for the diſtinguiſhed mercies of a bountiful and indulgent Providence.—Whilſt plenty ſmiles on your table, and every luxury awaits your call, look not with contempt on your fellow mortals: be not blind to their wants, nor deaf to their cries. Becauſe you are bleſt with indulgences beyond what are beſtowed on ſurrounding thouſands, are you to deſpiſe thoſe who are not ſo fortunate? Is it poſſible, that what ſhould make you grateful, on the contrary, ſhould render you vain? Aſtoniſhing ingratitude and depravity of heart! Inſtead of ſhewing to the world you deſerve the favours you poſſeſs, you are, by ſuperciliouſneſs and pride, taking pains to convince your fellow mortals, you are undeſerving the bleſſings of Providencé, and by your want of gratitude to heaven, and tenderneſs to them, make the unfor-

unfortunate more diſſatisfied with their portion of affliction.

Have you, by induſtry, or genius, raiſed yourſelf to affluence and conſequence, forget not how little you once were, nor be aſhamed of your origin: neither look with coldneſs and contempt, in the giddy and dangerous moments of proſperity, on the favourite companions of your youth.—— The ſame hand which raiſed you from obſcurity, could as eaſily have exalted another. Reflect ſeriouſly, and often, on your beginning, and let your humility prove that you deſerve the continuance of proſperity, by knowing how to uſe it properly. If any one forgets their own original littleneſs, they are ſure to meet with a number who will not fail to remind them of it, in order to humble that Pride and Haughtineſs which ever deſerves reproof.

Are you proud of an ancient family, and does the dignity of your rank, or the pompous and flattering ſound of an illuſtrious title, almoſt tempt you to forget that you are one of the ſons or daughters of Adam? Fye on ſuch muſhroom Pride. We are all numerous branches of the ſame family, divided by name, but nearly allied by Nature and Chriſtianity. We are all deſcendants from the ſame parents, have all the ſame infirmities, the ſame wants, the ſame hopes and deſires; and, if it is not

not our own fault, have all an equal claim to the favour and protection of our Maker, and are alike entitled to the mercies of that bleſſed Redeemer, who died for all, and was no reſpecter of perſons. We muſt reſt on the ſame bed of earth, and at the laſt day, when we receive our awful ſummons from the grave, muſt all ariſe to give up our account. Then the poor wretch we have injured, or treated with contempt, may prove our ſuperior: then his wrongs will be heard, and his injuries redreſt, with the ſame juſtice and impartiality as thoſe of the greateſt potentate on earth.—Pride and injuſtice will be puniſhed as they deſerve. The wealth of worlds would not bribe our judge. Kings, like other men, muſt give up their account and ſubmit to their ſentence, from which there will be no appeal. The king and the ſubject, the man of faſhion, like the poor peaſant, the princeſs and her humble attendant, will find their ſuperiority depending on the teſt of their virtue, and the juſtice of their actions.

Reflect, therefore, in every change of your lives, on theſe important truths: let them ſubdue your pride, and humble your vain expectations. Remember, that at the very moment you are proud of your imagined excellence, you may be ſummoned to that world, where your conſequence will depend on the manner of your con-

conducting yourſelf in this. Remember, too, that you muſt leave your riches behind you, muſt be carried out of the world as poor and helpleſs as you were brought into it.

Whenever you find yourſelves giving way to pride, call to mind your infant ſtate, and the numerous infirmities of your nature. If ever you are tempted or provoked to treat a fellow creature with rigour or injuſtice, tremble, leſt you one day ſhould want their aſſiſtance. Nothing is certain in this uncertain world. Whenever you ſit down to exult in the abundance of your riches, recollect that you are only tenant at will to your Great Maſter; and that the wealth you prize ſo highly will neither arreſt the arm of juſtice, bribe death to give up his prey, nor procure you ſo good a reception in the next world as will be given to the pooreſt mendicant on earth, if he carries with him teſtimonials of ſuperior virtue.

Let not therefore riches, beauty, talents, birth, or any accidental advantages, miſlead your judgment, by robbing you of humility, and by exalting you in this tranſitory life, humble and degrade you in one more certain and permanent. Let humility, charity, and good-will to all, entitle you to the continued favours and mercies of your Creator, when you are called

called from the grave to appear before his awful tribunal; and when you ſee your Bleſſed Redeemer ſeated on the right hand of his Father, let not him who died to ſave you, witneſs that he died in vain; and that a weak and preſumptuous pride prevented your endeavouring to imitate, ſo far as the frailty of human nature would permit, that glorious example of humility, mercy, charity and love, which to follow ſhould be the only pride, and the utmoſt ambition of every mortal.

THE OWL AND THE WREN.

A FABLE.

ONE haleſome morn, upon a flow'ring buſh,
Hard by his mate recording ſat a thruſh;
The riſing ſun inſpir'd his cheering lay,
As yet the only muſic of the ſpray,
Save where at hand a little humble wren
Preſum'd to blend his treble now and then.
'Twas not to emulate the throſtle's lay,
And hail like him, the golden beams of day.
An owl, ſage tenant of an hollow oak,
Beheld, and thus with indignation ſpoke:
" Vile triſler, ceaſe, my reſolution hear:
By the ſtill ſhades of night, which I revere,
By the thatch'd barn, and by the tenants there;
On whoſe delicious limbs I often fare;
If whilſt yon warbler, who delights mine ear,
Puts forth his merry ſong, you interfere,
I'll bear thee trembling to my callow brood,
And for their ſtomachs make thee dainty food."

His

His pow'r full well the little ſyren knew,
Vow'd to ſubmit, and to the thicket flew.
Great Jove, who no partial favour ſhews;
Who 'mongſt his creatures no diſtinction knows,
Who when the circling ſpheres began to roll
Look'd on delighted, and confirm'd the whole:
Straight from his bright empyrean hill ſurvey'd
The dull preſumptuous tyrant of the ſhade,
And ſaw obſequious innocence diſmay'd:
His thunders roll, thick clouds dilate the ſkies,
From his ſtrong arm the levell'd fulmen flies,
And by the bolt the bird of Athens dies.

The clouds diſperſe, the genial god of day
Cheer'd the vaſt hills, and made the vallies gay:
The humble wren, ſuch was the will of Jove,
Sang unmoleſted thro' the leafy grove.

Thus may the peaſant unmoleſted move:
The tyrant tremble at the wrath of Jove.

GENIUS.

In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what it is to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To ſee all other's faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in buſineſs, or in arts to drudge:
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account,
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they 'mount.

POPE.

IT is an uſual cuſtom to expreſs admiration when any one is praiſed for the ſtrength of his underſtanding or his extraordinary GENIUS, and to join very readily in the commendations of any favourite or popular writer. But, alas! whilſt they praiſe, and are delighted with the productions of his pen, they think little about the author; and ſo long as they are entertained with the effuſions of his wit and invention, people in general are perfectly indifferent whether he is ſtarving in a garret, or languiſhing on a bed of ſtraw, in the gloomy confines of a dungeon. I know no being upon earth more to be pitied, than a man of ſenſe, genius, and education, reduced to the hard neceſſity of living merely by his wits. His humour and

pleaſantry may often obtain him admittance to the table of the great; but when there, he muſt keep up the mirth of the company, tell a good ſtory, introduce a brilliant anecdote, ſay a thouſand ſmart things, join in the laugh—when, perhaps, his heart is rent with anguiſh, and the elegant repaſt his humorous talents have procured him, is rendered taſteleſs by the reflection, that an amiable wife, or a family of helpleſs children, have been ſtarving at home, without his genius being able to procure them a ſingle comfort, or neceſſary accommodation. To write for bread, muſt be the hardeſt, the moſt precarious, and laborious way of earning a livelihood. If, therefore, you have genius, depend not ſolely upon it for your ſupport: if you have wit, rely not upon it for ſubſiſtence; reſerve them for the amuſement of your leiſure hours. But you muſt fix upon ſomething more ſubſtantial and ſecure, you making your progreſs in the world. Wit is a dangerous weapon in unſkilful hands—it creates many enemies. If you ſay a good thing at the expence of a friend, you may depend on his becoming a foe. Never, therefore, venture to be witty at any one's coſt. True wit may ſhew its brilliancy, without having any perſonal object in view, or ſending any to their pillow with hearts aching at our ſatirical talents.

Folly

Folly and vice will afford ſufficient ſubjects for wit to play upon, without having recourſe to real characters, or perſonal imperfections.

If you have Genius, employ it for the benefit of others; but (as I before obſerved) depend not on it as your ſole or dernier reſort. Nothing is ſo vague and uncertain as Fame. Its loudeſt trumpet is not to be relied on for an hour; and it is moſt probable, the laurels which ſhould have bound your temples, will be left to wither o'er your grave: or, why were the bright Geniuſes of different nations (a liſt of whom you will find at the concluſion of this paper) permitted to die in poverty and obſcurity, to the everlaſting reproach of thoſe who pretended to lament, after death, the very beings whom they neglected in life, and ſuffered to periſh in miſery and want?—If you have Genius, diſcourage it not; neither expect too much from it. If you rely on a precarious uncertainty, you may repent, in vain, the loſs of a thouſand real enjoyments, which induſtry and labour might have procured you amongſt the unnoticed multitude.

What's *Fame?* that fancy'd life in other's breath!
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown,
The ſame (my lord) if Tully's or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſame circle of our foes or friends.
To all beſide as much and empty ſhade,
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæſar* dead;
Alike, or when, or where they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*,
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.

POPE.

The poets of the weſt, were as remarkable for their indigence as for their Genius.

Homer is the firſt poet and beggar of note, among the Antients. He was blind, and ſung his own ballads about the ſtreets.

Plautus, the comic poet, was better off. He had two trades: he was a poet for his diverſion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood.—Terence was a ſlave—and Boethias died in jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Burgheſe, almoſt as good a poet as Taſſo, knew fourteen different trades; and yet died becauſe he could get employment in none.

Taſſo himſelf, who had the moſt amiable character of all the poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown of a friend, in order to pay for a month's ſubſiſtence.

Bentivoglio chiefly demands our pity.—His comedies will laſt with the Italian language.

guage. He diſſipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but falling into miſery in his old age, was refuſed admittance into an hoſpital himſelf had erected.

In Spain, the great Cervantes is ſaid to have died of hunger.

In France, Vaugelas, one of the politeſt writers, and honeſteſt men of the age, was ſurnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day; and when he died, he deſired that his body might be ſold to the ſurgeons to the beſt advantage, in order to help to pay his debts.

Caſſander, one of the greateſt geniuſes of the age, could not, with all his merit, procure himſelf a bare ſubſiſtence. By degrees, he was driven to hate all mankind; and, at laſt, to impute his calamities to Providence. When the prieſt aſked him to rely on the juſtice of Heaven, and depend for mercy on Him that made him—'If God,' replies he, 'has ſhewn me no 'juſtice here, what reaſon have I to ex-'pect any from him hereafter?'——'Let 'me entreat you,' continued the confeſſor, 'to be reconciled to God, your Fa-'ther, and your Maker.'——'No:' replied the unhappy, exaſperated wretch; 'you know the manner in which he left 'me to live—and, (pointing to the ſtraw,

'on which he was ſtretched) you ſee the 'manner, in which he leaves me to die!"

In England, the ſufferings of the poets have been ſtill greater than in any other country. Milton, Spenſer, Otway, Butler, Dryden, and ſeveral others, are, and will ever be, mentioned as a national reproach. Some of them lived in a ſtate of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger. And laſtly, poor Chatterton, deſpairing of meeting either friendſhip, encouragement, or ſupport, put an end to his own exiſtence.

POLITENESS.

Study with care Politeneſs, that muſt teach
The modiſh forms of geſture and of ſpeech;
In vain formality, with matron mein,
And pertneſs ape her with familiar grin.
They againſt nature for applauſes ſtrain,
Diſtort themſelves, and give all others pain:
She moves with eaſy, tho' with meaſur'd pace,
And ſhews no part of ſtudy but the grace.

S——T.

POLITENESS ſignifies, if I am not miſtaken in my ideas of it, that conformable and elegant poliſh of the manners, and graceful eaſineſs of addreſs, whereby people of a genteel and liberal education diſtin-

diſtinguiſh themſelves from the vulgar:—'tis improved, and often acquired, by mixing with perſons of ſuperior rank: in fact, 'tis a kind of generous philanthropy, refined by a deſire to pleaſe, and rendered doubly charming, by the eaſe and good humour with which it is accompanied: it ought to be inſeparably united with the other graces of an accompliſhed mind.—Real Politeneſs is guided by complacency, carefully avoids giving pain to any one: it ſingles out the moſt humble and unnoticed of the company, in order to make them ſatisfied with themſelves, and inſenſible to the mortifying inattention of the reſt of the party; employs every nice and gentle endeavour to extract the thorn of diſcontent from their wounded boſoms, and omits no opportunity to make them equal ſharers in the amuſement and pleaſantry going forwards, when it can be done without appearing ſingular. It never takes a ſavage pleaſure in the modeſt embarraſſment of any one, however inferior in ſituation, ſenſe, or the endowments of mind or perſon; neither does it, (though complaiſant and courteous) overload every one indiſcriminately with compliments or flattery. The peculiar excellence of real politeneſs is being unaffected, natural, unſtudied, ſincere, accompanied with eaſe, propriety, and real good humour.

In this ſenſe, and according to this deſcription of POLITENESS, it deſerves your attention, and every one ſhould endeavour to acquire a ſufficient degree of it to render them agreeable, attentive, and pleaſing to ſociety. Unfeeling wit, ridiculous buffoonery, the malicious mimic, or malevolent cenſurer, may for a moment excite our laughter; but when we recollect the wound they may give a worthy heart, we turn from them with diſguſt.—Politeneſs will then, in the moſt ſoothing accents of gentleneſs, aided by every humane attention, endeavour to heal the wound which has been given, and reſtore the innocent ſufferer to ſerenity and compoſure: and if it is not employed in making others happy and ſatisfied with themſelves, it can give no pain, and therefore is an accompliſhment nearly allied to a virtue, which every one ſhould ſtudy to acquire.

Numbers of worthy characters have ſuffered innumerable mortifications, by the want of it in thoſe with whom they aſſociate: Politeneſs muſt ever be pleaſing even to thoſe who are deficient in the practice of it themſelves: for no ſooner does the miſtaken notion take the lead in the mind of any one (however diſtinguiſhed their ſituation) that they may ſay or do what they pleaſe (without conſidering whether what they

they ſay or do will make others uncomfortable and uneaſy) than they become a public nuiſance to ſociety, and few will be deſirous of meeting ſuch diſguſting companions.

If, therefore, you wiſh to be ſatisfied with yourſelves, or have any deſire to pleaſe others, you muſt not fail to recollect, that every perſon has their own peculiar taſte and humour, which has a right to be gratified as much as your own, and has an equal claim upon you for indulgence, as any requeſt of yours can have upon others: the ſacrifice of inclination, therefore, muſt in turn be mutual; in this caſe, without politeneſs, all ſocial intercourſe and harmony muſt be quickly at an end.

CONVERSATION.

Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for wait is thine;
And wit talks moſt, when leaſt ſhe has to ſay,
And reaſon interrupts not her career.
She'll ſay—that miſts above the mountains riſe;
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries, amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt,
And fly conviction, in the duſt ſhe rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of ſenſe;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds.

YOUNG.

CONVERSATION is one of our moſt rational and higheſt enjoyments, and therefore I would wiſh all my young readers to acquire an eaſy, and pleaſing manner of converſing on every ſubject proper for their ſex and age; but never to attempt thoſe in which their want of knowledge would expoſe them to ridicule.

A good memory is a very neceſſary requiſite to make an agreeable and intelligent companion. Diffidence is ſometimes an impediment to young people's ſhewing their abilities in converſation; but that will wear off, after aſſociating a little time with the polite world.——Yet, however brilliant

brilliant your powers of converſing, they muſt be kept under the niceſt reſtrictions. If ſo fortunate as to have a good underſtanding, united with the happy art of ſhewing it to advantage, you muſt never attempt to monopolize too much of the converſation to yourſelves; but be content very often to wait till called upon to give your ſentiments on the ſubject diſcuſſed: and then, be ſure to give it with modeſt diffidence, which will not appear to enforce upon your hearers a certainty of being right in your opinions. If you find you have been wrong in your ſentiments, or that you have miſtaken the ſubject, be not captious, or diſpleaſed with thoſe who endeavour to ſet you right; but let your mind be open to conviction, and be ever ready to acknowledge any error you have committed. Such an ingenuous proceeding, ſo far from being conſidered as a proof of your wanting judgment, will aſſuredly prove the contrary, and you will find every one ready to find excuſes for you, and to prevent you making any future miſtakes.

The babbler is a perpetual nuiſance to ſociety. It commonly happens that ſhallow ſtreams make the loudeſt noiſe; ſo thoſe who talk the moſt, very often talk the greateſt nonſenſe. People who are fond of hearing themſelves, have but few opportunities

portunities of improving from the converſation of others; and though they weary their hearers, they will not be prevailed upon to believe it poſſible. To talk much and well requires a ſound judgment, retentive memory, and good underſtanding, with a vaſt command of temper: for be aſſured, if you talk much, you will meet with many ſevere attacks for the innovation you are making on the time, patience, and pleaſure of others.

Another ridiculous folly which the love of talking makes many people fall into, is telling marvellous and improbable ſtories; which, by being often repeated, grows tireſome, and frequently brings a reproach on the perſon's veracity. Some, indeed, have the happy art of telling a ſtory well, and by the introduction of a good anecdote, or witty bon mot, will ſet the table in a roar. But where one ſucceeds in this way many will fail, and find their endeavours to amuſe repaid with a yawn or a dead ſilence. This is often owing to a ſlowneſs and formality in their manner, or by the improper introduction of a number of uſeleſs and unneceſſary words: never attempt being witty by deſign, leſt you meet with as ſevere a retort, as that given by Dean Swift to a young gentleman; who, on hearing that bright genius, by his wit and pleaſantry, enliven and pro-

duce

duce the moſt violent burſts of laughter from his companions, ſtarted up on a ſudden, and, addreſſing the Dean——'You 'muſt know, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I have a mind 'to ſet up for a wit myſelf.'——'Have 'you ſo, young man?' replied Swift; 'then let me adviſe you to ſet down a-'gain.'

Let me caution you againſt laughing too much in company. Nothing ſerves to render any one more diſagreeable, than a perpetual giggling, without any viſible or ludicrous cauſe.——It often excites the fears and apprehenſions of thoſe that are the objects of your ill-timed mirth—a ſuſpicion, to which perhaps ſome defect of perſon or appearance may have given riſe. I have ſeen many worthy and ſenſible people hurt in this way, by the unthinking levity of youth, who came out for amuſement, and were ſent home by folly, with the thorn of diſcontent rankling in their boſoms.

A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift's company; and, having heard much of the Dean's pleaſantries, was upon the titter at every thing he ſaid. 'Where is the jeſt?' ſaid one that was preſent.—'There,' ſaid Swift, pointing at the laughing gentleman.

The

The following anecdote of the poet Racine, will ſerve more fully to convince you of the neceſſity not to attempt engroſſing too much of the converſation to yourſelves; let your abilities be ever ſo ſhining, or your powers of entertaining equal to your deſire of amuſing your companions.

Mankind being in general leſs ſolicitous to gain inſtruction than applauſe, we are certain of diſpleaſing in Converſation, when we appear more attentive to ourſelves than to the company around us.

The famous Racine, with a view of diſſuading his ſon from the too eager purſuit of poetry, which he carried to a frantic exceſs, and apprehenſive that he might attribute to his tragedies the careſſes which ſeveral of the nobility laviſhed upon him, uſed often to ſay, 'Think not, my ſon, 'that it is my poetry which procures me 'all theſe kindneſſes. The verſes of Cor-'neille are an hundred times ſuperior to 'mine, and yet no body regards him: they 'only love him in the mouth of his ac-'tors. Inſtead of tiring people with the 'recital of my works, I ſeldom mention 'them, and am contented if I can enter-'tain my viſitors with topics that are 'amuſing and agreeable. My talent is 'not to make them ſenſible that I am a 'man of wit, but that they have wit them-'ſelves. Thus, when you ſee a noble-

'man

'man paſs whole hours with me, you 'would be aſtoniſhed, if you were preſent 'to obſerve him frequently leave me, 'without my having ſpoken four words; 'but, by degrees, I put him in the humour of prattling, and he goes away, 'ſtill more ſatisfied with himſelf than 'with me.'

From this little anecdote, of this truly great and penetrating man, the intelligent reader may learn, what all would wiſh to attain, the grand art of pleaſing in Converſation: which almoſt wholly conſiſts in hearing much, ſpeaking little, and never attempting to be witty at any one's expence.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

'Twere treaſon 'gainſt the King of kings,
Should daring man preſume to ſay,
The ſmalleſt 'mongſt this world of things,
An uſeleſs ſpeck of matter lay.

The humbleſt inſect of the duſt,
Thro' the ſame great creative power,
Exiſts as we; and 'tis unjuſt
To take a moment from its hour.

MOZEEN.

CRUELTY to the animal world is a heavy reproach on human nature; 'tis not

not only repugnant to every precept of religion and benevolence, but to every dictate and principle of reaſon and humanity.

That a great part of the Animal creation were ſent for our peculiar uſe, we cannot doubt; and we condemn them to die, without a ſingle apprehenſion of being guilty of a crime in ſo doing; but mercy, that divine attribute of heaven, ſhould teach us to deprive them of life with as little pain and miſery as poſſible, and never to deſtroy any creature that is incapable of hurting or moleſting us.—"The poor beetle that we tread upon," ſays the immortal Shakeſpeare, "in cor-"poral ſufferance finds a pang as great as "when a giant dies."

To ſuffer young people, unreproved, to indulge the cruel humour, the barbarous propenſity of deſtroying harmleſs and inoffenſive creatures, would be to burthen and give the world more Nero's and Caligula's. The firſt appearance of ſuch a mercileſs diſpoſition, ſuch an unpardonable wantonneſs of cruelty, ſhould be inſtantly ſuppreſſed, or ſeverely puniſhed.—To hear the melancholy moaning, to obſerve the unaffected diſtreſs of any dumb creature, deprived of its young by the hand of barbarity, would, in my opinion, ſoften the moſt obdurate heart, and make a laſt-

a laſting impreſſion on the moſt unfeeling mind. But, alas! we often ſee it has a contrary effect; and, from a habit of practiſing cruelty, we become inſenſible to all ſorrows but our own. Even the mournful lamentations of the winged choriſters of the grove are heard with indifference and compoſure. I never reflect on this ſubject without feeling a compaſſionate indignation againſt ſuch lawleſs deſtroyers.

The being who can plan the deſtruction of a little creature from whom they never received an affront, or ſuſtained an injury, muſt be inſenſible to all the finer feelings of the ſoul, and the ungentle mind which can delight in diſtreſs, the hand which can be employed to torture, the eye which, unmoiſtened with a tear of pity, can behold a dog, a bird, a lamb, or even a worm, writhing in agonies of their inflicting, may one day become ſo hardened as to ſee the ſorrows of a parent, a brother or a friend, with the ſame inſenſibility and ſtoical indifference.

Never, therefore, but in ſelf-defence, attempt deſtroying any part of Nature's family, every one of which has its particular uſe, and was formed for ſome wiſe and neceſſary purpoſe.

Whatever dumb creatures you may keep for your ſervice, or amuſement, be ſure you exert your utmoſt endeavours to make their

their lives comfortable and happy, by rendering their confinement, or labour, as little painful and irkſome as poſſible. Let them have every indulgence and convenience you can procure them, by way of atonement for the loſs of thoſe pleaſures you hinder their enjoying according to their nature, and carefully guard them from feeling any pain you can prevent their enduring.

Study nature: let her be your guide; but read her carefully. Let not curioſity alone be your motive for enquiring into her wonderful productions. To be acquainted with the mere externals, and know no one part of her intimately, is like a young man's going the grand tour, and travelling poſt through every country he has to paſs, merely to boaſt of having been abroad to ſee the world.

Obſerve the cementing powers of all nature: the near relation which one part of it bears to another throughout the whole is wonderfully ſtriking: it is a moſt intereſting and entertaining hiſtory to peruſe; and cannot be contemplated too often, or with too much attention: it will increaſe your admiration, and ſtrengthen your dependence on that Almighty Being who formed the chain, and united the links which bind us to each other by a million of generous and connexive ties, which,

which, ſtretching itſelf from the ſmalleſt atom through infinite ſpace and variety, impels and directs the whole ſyſtem, from the inſect to man, and aſcends from the flower, the weed, and the worm, to rule the great planets, and confine them to their orbs.

To acquire a reliſh for the beauties of nature, animate or inanimate, will ſerve to heighten every innocent enjoyment and recreation in life. Not a garden, ſhrubbery, field, or common hedge, but will afford materials to create ſurpriſe and admiration; and in every one of their diverſified beauties you will, with gratitude and aſtoniſhment, be able to trace the wiſdom and benevolence of that all-powerful hand which has beſtowed ſuch various bleſſings on rational beings, and at the ſame time provided ſuch convenient and comfortable accommodations for every living thing that crawls upon the earth—a ſure proof that the Almighty architect of all nature thought none that he had formed unworthy his bounty and protecting care.

A thouſand pleaſant reflections and agreeable ſurpriſes accompany thoſe whoſe thoughts and attention are employed in obſerving the wonders of nature: for be aſſured, the pleaſures of the mind are the only ſolid and rational to be found on earth—a truth which even that voluptuous epicure

epicure in pleaſure, Lord Cheſterfield, could not deny.

Among all the ſocial affections, univerſal benevolence is the moſt generous and enlarged, the moſt lovely, venerable and captivating: it embraces the whole human race: 'tis not to be confined within the narrow limits of one family, or even one kingdom, but includes all without diſtinction. The complacency and comfort we feel, whenever we do a good action, muſt convince us, that in a conſtant and regular practice of benevolence, a perpetual ſource of pleaſure will be found, a ſatisfaction inexpreſſibly delightful; becauſe we are then acting in conformity to the united dictates of reaſon, religion, and nature, and following the bright example of our bleſſed Redeemer.

Mr. Pope has finely expreſſed himſelf on this ſubject, in the following beautiful lines:

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

CHRISTMAS-

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

AND THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THEM, FEAR NOT: FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE.

FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, IN THE CITY OF DAVID, A SAVIOUR WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.

ST. LUKE.

THOUGH I have no particular objection to many of our new cuſtoms and faſhionable habits, I own, I feel real regret at ſeeing ſo little attention paid to many of the old ones. The neglect of obſerving, with every mark of hoſpitable piety, CHRISTMAS-DAY, ſtands firſt amongſt the number. A day of ſo much importance to mortals, ought to be obſerved with the ſtricteſt attention, and inſpire our ſouls with the moſt lively gratitude.—'Tis mortal's higheſt feſtival! On that ſacred day, love, good-will, and benevolence, ſhould alone find room in our ſouls.—A Saviour was born to die for all: it is, therefore, the duty of all to rejoice, and unite to keep this day in all the ſublime beauty of holineſs. At this holy, intereſting, and important ſeaſon, why will not the rich, affluent,

fluent and great, withdraw from ſcenes of diſſipation, and, as in former times, make a little jubilee amongſt their poor neighbours and dependents?

I cannot help regretting, that this ancient and laudable cuſtom of paying due reſpect to the ſacred ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, which formerly uſed to be univerſally obſerved, ſhould be nearly exploded, both in town and country. The hoſpitality, which in the days of our anceſtors was kept up on this occaſion, reflected the higheſt honour on the rich; whilſt it diffuſed, in conformity to the temper of that bleſſed Saviour, whoſe birth it ſerved to commemorate, its comfortable influence in the cottage of the poor and needy. Surely, a cuſtom, ſo generous and beneficial, deſerves the attention of the riſing generation to revive, and bring once more into faſhion.

But, at the ſame time, they ſhould endeavour carefully to ſuppreſs all licentiouſneſs and intemperance, which the lower order of the people might otherwiſe think themſelves authoriſed to practiſe. Vice is at all times diſgraceful and improper; but ſurely more peculiarly ſo at this ſacred and ſoul-enlivening period; which, though a ſeaſon of univerſal joy and gladneſs, deſerves every demonſtration of praiſe and gratitude, confined within the bounds of temperance,

temperance, and guided by the dictates of religion. Let your ſongs be ſongs of praiſe, and your joy the grateful effuſions of hearts bending before the ſhrine of Omnipotent Mercy. Forget not your Redeemer, in the noiſy clamour of intemperate mirth; and loſe not the remembrance of his ſufferings, in the mazy windings of the dance. This, though the proper ſeaſon for every innocent relaxation from buſineſs and care, is likewiſe the ſeaſon of devotion, and ought to awaken, in the mind of every Chriſtian, the higheſt ſentiments of gratitude and piety. Our joy and cheerfulneſs ſhould originate in the ſweet reflection, that a Saviour was born unto mankind. That thought would chaſten our pleaſures, at the very moment it gave them their higheſt reliſh.

Never can acts of charity and benevolence be more properly exerciſed than at this important æra, when nature is confined in its coldeſt and moſt cheerleſs dreſs; when numbers are lingering on beds of ſickneſs, and too often wanting the common neceſſaries of life, to ſupport them in the trying hours of affliction. When they thus are compelled, by hard neceſſity, to ſtretch out their feeble arms for aſſiſtance, with-hold not the hand of all-cheering benevolence. Indulge not yourſelves in luxurious and artificial wants,

whil ſt

whilſt ſo many of your fellow-creatures want to be ſupplied with neceſſaries. Let not your table be loaded with delicacies, if you know the famiſhing ſoul is languiſhing for food, or the naked body deſtitute of cloathing. Such coſiderations will ſurely have weight with every mind that has not loſt all ſenſe of feeling, compaſſion, and humanity.

Let not either rank, fortune, or the gay allurements of pleaſure, prevent your ſometimes entering thoſe ſcenes of miſery, which only to ſee can be believed; and when you retire from them, forget them not. Recollect, how very ſmall the portion taken from your purſe, will relieve extreme diſtreſs; and though, my children, you ſhould not be bleſt with affluence, though you have but a very moderate ſhare of fortune's favours, deny not yourſelves the moſt exalted gratification the mind can enjoy, that of giving your mite to comfort the afflicted, and relieve the diſtreſſed. Give the poor and needy, as far as you can, the power of rejoicing with you.

Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround:
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte:
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain.

How

How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty.

THOMSON.

Did we give ourſelves time to reflect more frequently on ſcenes like theſe,

Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

THOMSON.

AVARICE.

Curſt Av'rice, more inſatiate than the ſea,
Nor pow'rs divine or human limit thee;
Where'er thou claſp'ſt thy merc'leſs, cruel paw,
Down go the ties of friendſhip, reaſon, law:
Relation and religion yield to pelf,
And all things centre in the miſer's ſelf.
Starving in plenty, leſt he ſhould be poor,
He draws a beggar's breath 'midſt kingly ſtore.

MOZEEN.

AVARICE is a paſſion the leaſt to be accounted for of any to which the mind of man is ſubject; yet the dominion of this ſordid humour, when once it has obtained an aſcendency over the heart, reigns with more uncontrouled and arbitrary ſway, than almoſt any other.—The love of gain, the deſire of being diſtinguiſhed for the abundance of our riches, is the moſt inſatiable and unſatisfied of all unaccountable deſires.

It is natural to ſuppoſe, that we ſhould be actuated to covet wealth, in order to procure ourſelves the comforts, conveniences, and indulgences of life; but with the ſordid it is far otherwiſe: he will toil early and late, and eat the bread of care; he is eager to obtain wealth, not to do good,

good, not to diſpenſe and diſtribute it, in order to make his family and friends happy, but to conceal it from every eye but his own—to tell it over—and then return it to the iron cheſt, which, like his own heart, is cloſed to all but one. The genial and intereſting ties of nature loſe their ſubduing influence on minds like theſe. Parents, children, friends, the cries of poverty, the lamentations of miſery, plead in vain, if gold is the boon requeſted: and what is ſtill more myſterious and difficult to expound in this enigmatical humour, is, that in the midſt of unbounded plenty, the miſer will often be content to experience the miſeries of penury, and the humiliating appearance of neceſſitous indigence; and he finds a perpetual ſource for repining and diſcontent, from being obliged to ſatisfy the craving and neceſſary wants of his own frail nature: but to the wants of others he is totally inſenſible and indifferent. His heart is inacceſſible to every gentle feeling, which, in generous minds, ſo nobly diſtinguiſhes human nature from that of the brute; but the avaricious have no other enjoyment than in the mere accumulating wealth, which is rendered uſeleſs to themſelves, by their own ſordid humour, and obnoxious to others, by ſeeing fortune beſtowed on be-

ings ſo unworthy the envied indulgence for which ſo many diligent and deſerving people toil with unremitting induſtry through life, and yet can never obtain.

It is ſaid, that Sir George Caulfield, who was ſome time Chief Juſtice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, and who, it was reported, left his whole fortune, which was immenſe, to his Majeſty, to enable him to carry on the American war, was one of the greateſt miſers ever Europe produced, Swift's famous Damer not excepted. He ſcarcely allowed himſelf the common neceſſaries of life:—a breaſt of mutton, at a penny a pound, he eſteemed a treat, and made many complaints, when called upon to pay for it.—He had a borough that returned two members, which he always ſold to the beſt bidder. In making the bargain he likewiſe engaged to return the members without expence, for which he charged in his eſtimate thirty pounds. On the day of election, next after his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion, he attended, and having gone through the formalities of returning the members, the dinner he ordered was two eggs, butter, and a loaf; his drink was a pot of ale, and the whole reckoning amounted to ſix-pence halfpenny. The bill being delivered, while Caulfield was peruſing the ſum total, the landlord inform-

ed him of a miſtake, which was the omiſſion of the ſervants beer. This augmented the reckoning to ſeven-pence halfpenny. He refuſed to pay the addition; but after ſome altercation, threw down ſixpence halfpenny, and deſired the aſtoniſhed landlord to ſeek the other penny from the extravagant raſcals who contracted the debt.

Such characters as the above are deteſtable, and we will hope, for the honour of human nature, are rarely to be met with. Yet, it has been many times obſerved, and, I believe with ſome truth, that the moſt ſordid and avaricious will at times feel a ſudden and irreſiſtible impulſe of doing a generous action, either in a moment of ſelf-condemnation, or feeling, perhaps, a degrading conſciouſneſs of their own meanneſs; they are urged by this momentary fit of penitence to get rid, in ſome degree, of their ignominy of being ſtigmatized for oppreſſing the humble, and laying ſuch heavy burdens on thoſe ſo unfortunate as to be dependant on their bounty; they will even condeſcend to promiſe, with an appearance of candour and generoſity, friendſhip and a deſire to ſerve you; and, in order to confirm their ſincerity, will enter into an agreement which may appear ſo advantageous, as ſhall make the

dejected and deſponding heart exult with the exhilarating tranſports of grateful joy. But place not your reliance on minds like theſe, with the ſweet hopes of ſecurity: the next hour may bring with it other thoughts and far different deſigns, and the ſmall pittance which the niggard bounty that the right hand gave, the mean cunning of the left will moſt aſſuredly take from you under the ſpecious appearance of ſome juſt claim: and if you dare to utter a complaint, or venture an expoſtulation, you are peremptorily deſired to carve your own fortune in future, without expecting farther aſſiſtance. One of the greateſt bleſſings of independence is the being freed from the ſlaviſh and galling fetters of the ſordid and oppreſſive, whoſe cold and ſtony hearts are inacceſſible to every feeling but that of ſelf, who can never know what it is to poſſeſs a true friend, becauſe their greateſt pleaſure and utmoſt ambition is to reign the ſtern tyrant of dependent ſlaves, and whoſe only pleaſure, from holding any intercourſe with their fellow-creatures, ariſes from the pride of being able to ſay to one man, go, and he goeth; to another, come, and he cometh; who conſider friendſhip as nonſenſe, the love of ſociety as a crime, and every generous ſentiment as an enemy, who would rob them of their beloved treaſure, and

thoſe

thoſe who dare practiſe them as vain prodigals, who ſquander the greateſt good in life. In fact, it is the avaricious only who deprive themſelves of all the real enjoyments which fortune will afford its poſſeſſors, whilſt they have ſenſe to be benevolent and liberal, without profuſion or extravagance, and have a ſufficient ſtock of prudence to preſerve their property, without degenerating into meanneſs or oppreſſion.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

POPE.

SUPERSTITION.

Vainly we ſeek for true perfection here,
Its only lodgment's far beyond the clouds:
Tho' pious, charitable, wiſe, ſincere,
Error's black miſt men's cleareſt reaſon ſhrouds.
MOZEEN.

SUPERSTITION is the terror of weak, undiſcerning and uneducated minds, and often produces numberleſs diſtreſſes, and many anxious thoughts to the ignorant and timid, whilſt it is a fair ſubject for ridicule to the more wiſe and experienced. *The death watch* has kept many a one from partaking the balmy and refreſhing ſweets of repoſe, by impreſſing a thouſand gloomy apprehenſions upon the mind of the terrified liſtener, that the moſt diſtreſſing events would certainly happen to themſelves or families, from the portentous warning of this inviſible tick, tick; whilſt the death, of which it was the unimportant, but unwelcome harbinger, was according to the moſt rational way of accounting for it, only that of a poor harmleſs fly; whoſe faint efforts and fruitleſs ſtruggles to defend its life, (againſt its known enemy, the ſpider) occaſioned an immortal being to tremble for their own.

It has frequently been known, that a perſon who has been able to encounter many

many of the ſevereſt trials with the utmoſt fortitude and reſolution, would not have ventured to paſs through a church-yard at the awful midnight hour, even to have obtained an immediate releaſe from a number of real diſtreſſes. This humiliating and troubleſome weakneſs often takes its riſe from the ſuperſtitious folly of thoſe who have had the management of our infant years. The ſtories which are told by the ignorant nurſe, to amuſe and entertain their little charge, has often left an impreſſion of fear and ſuperſtition on the mind, which neither time, good ſenſe, or the united exertion of parental tenderneſs, or authority, could ever entirely eradicate. This dangerous weakneſs ſhould therefore be unremittingly guarded againſt, by thoſe who are intruſted with the care of youth, and every tendency to encourage its encroachments, reſolutely combated by thoſe of maturer years.

Ghoſts are, even in this enlightened age, the bugbear and terror of thouſands, particularly amongſt the lower ranks of the people. No ſooner has night overſpread the heavens with her ſable mantle, than this unaccountable dread, which had been driven from their minds by the cheerful light of day, returns with its accuſtomed force; and, if they are under the neceſſity of travelling through

any unfrequented path, after the ſun has withdrawn his rays, though the bright beams of the moon illumine their paths, they ſee an imaginary ghoſt in every tree, gate, or ſtile; and when they retire to their apartments by themſelves, are in a continual dread, leſt their curtains ſhould be undrawn by the hand of ſome viſible or inviſible ſpectre; and the leaſt noiſe, however eaſy to be accounted for by thoſe happily devoid of fear, is, by the timorous and ſuperſtitious, ſuppoſed a warning from the grave, deſigned either for themſelves or friends.—Thus the hours, which ſhould be paſſed in undiſturbed repoſe, in order to re-animate their frail nature with freſh vigour, to encounter the cares and buſineſs of the day, are rendered, by theſe weak, yet diſtreſſing apprehenſions, the moſt wretched of their lives.

There are a number of other mortifications which attend the ſuperſtitious, and which, though leſs terrific, are accompanied with anxiety. How provoking yet how abſurd and laughable, that the pleaſures of a walk in the fineſt ſummer evening, ſhould be interrupted by the unmeaning and ſimple croaking of a raven that chanced to wing its flight over our heads! —A dinner ſpoiled by ſpilling a little ſalt! —A night's reſt deſtroyed by the ſcreeching of an owl, or becauſe a coal flew from the

the fire in the fancied ſhape of a coffin, or a winding-ſheet hung pendant with tremendous foldings from the candle!—whilſt, perhaps, the very perſons, thus eaſily and frivolouſly alarmed by the inventions of the ignorant and ſuperſtitious, can read an account in the public papers of an earthquake having depopulated a whole city, with leſs regret and terror than they can hear the ſimple and natural howling of an houſe-dog beneath their window. And many a fair bride has been gloomy in her bridal finery, and ſad amidſt the gratulations of rejoicing friends, becauſe the ſun has not ſhone upon her wedding-day; from which circumſtance future miſery has been predicted, by that tormenting ſybil, SUPERSTITION.

What a mortifying and degrading picture is the above of human folly! The real miſeries of life are abundantly ſufficient to put our fortitude to the teſt, without having recourſe to evils, which can only exiſt in a deceived and deluded imagination. Be well aſſured, that no one will ever riſe from their graves, to diſturb the peace of thoſe they have left behind them, and that if we had nothing more to fear from ourſelves, our paſſions, or our fellow-mortals, than we have from any ſupernatural appearance, we might reſt in any place, or in almoſt any part of the globe, in perfect ſecurity.

curity. If omens were permitted to warn us of our diſſolution, or any impending evil, they would (it is preſumed) be attended with more awful and alarming circumſtances, than any of the above-mentioned.

Deſpiſe, then, reſolutely contemn and diſbelieve all theſe abſurd and futile inventions: and let not a dream, which, from the airy and unconfined excurſions of the never-dying ſoul, may have tortured your ſleeping fancy, diſtreſs your waking imagination, or, for one invaluable moment, leſſen your firm dependence on that all-powerful Being, who preſides with watchful care over every creature he has formed.

Ye, who are bleſt with innocence, and unſullied purity, what can you have to fear from the peaceable and cold inhabitants of the grave? Even could they be permitted to re-viſit their native earth, their viſit could not be hoſtile or prejudicial to you. Happily for thoſe who are gone before, and for us that are left behind, and have the great debt of nature ſtill to pay, they find too ſecure and ſound repoſe, to diſturb the peace of their former loved companions. Liſten not, therefore, to the paltry contrivances of ſuperſtitious ignorance, even in the moſt trifling matters, thereby adding fictitious cares and inquietudes to the real troubles

troubles of a ſhort and buſy life. Sufficient are the unavoidable evils, which beſet and incommode our weary pilgrimage, without increaſing, by this inexcuſeable puſillanimity, the long and ſad catalogue of human miſeries.

CONDUCT TO SERVANTS.

There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

SHAKESPEARE.

A KIND and tender attention is due from the affluent to the deſerving part of their fellow-creatures, though undiſtinguiſhed by the accidental advantages of birth, rank or fortune: to alleviate their ſorrows, compaſſionate their diſtreſſes, and lighten their burden of woe, a duty incumbent upon thoſe who enjoy any of the above attractive and envied indulgences.

The Almighty, for wiſe and good purpoſes, has thought fit to place his children in very different ſituations; but at the time he has done ſo, he has likewiſe, by that inviſible chain with which he has ſo uniformly and nicely connected all nature, made

made the one abſolutely neceſſary to the happineſs and convenience of the other. The great could not enjoy their riches, without the aſſiſtance of the poor; neither could the poor receive the reward of their labour, had there been no inequality of ſtation. To conſider thoſe as diſregarded by Providence, and unworthy our attention, who are placed in a ſtate of ſervitude and dependence, would be the height of cruelty; and not only unjuſt to our fellow-creatures, but an affront to that Being with whoſe favour they are undoubtedly honoured equally, or perhaps in a ſuperior degree to ourſelves.

A good and faithful ſervant is a treaſure of ineſtimable value, a character truly reſpectable, and deſerving of our utmoſt indulgence. I never knew any good and truly amiable, who treated their ſervants with unkindneſs and ſeverity. Though indebted to their maſters for ſupport, their labours are an equivalent for the wages they receive. I may venture to ſay their wages are often unequal to their deſert—people ſometimes not having it in their power to repay their honeſt endeavours to ſerve them with the liberality they deſerve. But 'tis in every one's power to treat them with civility and kindneſs; and to recollect that they have not only the ſame form,

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but the ſame deſires, wants and wiſhes as themſelves; are liable to the ſame ſorrows and infirmities, without the means of indulging the one, or alleviating the other. How gratifying, how delightful to a generous mind, to make a ſtate of dependence and ſervitude as eaſy as poſſible to the worthy and induſtrious! How much more delightful to be obeyed with the willing heart of affection, than driven to do ſo by the ſervile influence of fear! How pleaſant to be received, after any temporary abſence from our own houſe, with the ſmiling countenance of a worthy domeſtic, an eye lifted up with an humble, but grateful delight, and a number of little attentions, which ſpeak in expreſſive ſilence, the ſincerity of their attachment, and which add additional comforts to our own home!

Though it would be highly improper for young people to aſſociate with their ſervants, and to converſe with them in the ſame unreſerved manner as they would with an equal or a ſuperior: though it would bring them down on a level with their dependsnts, and would ſhew a want of judgment and knowledge of the world to make them the confidants of their ſecrets, which would give them an authority and freedom they otherwiſe would never dare to aſſume, it is equally reprehenſible to treat them

them with contempt, to ſpeak to them upon every occaſion in the accents of auſterity and harſhneſs; to ſuſpect their honeſty without juſt cauſe, or appear cold and inſenſible to their endeavours to pleaſe. Authority may be preſerved without unkindneſs, and a proper diſtinction kept up without either pride, reſerve, or coldneſs. When we conſider that the good character of a ſervant is their only inheritance, it would be cruel and unjuſt to deprive them of that valuable portion through caprice or prejudice. That there are a number of bad people in all ſituations is a truth, however unpleaſant, not to be denied: but it would be very hard for all to be ſuſpected becauſe ſome will err. In my opinion it is far better to be often deceived, than to live under the perplexing influence of continual diſtruſt.

Many of the ſervants in genteel families have been reduced, perhaps, to their humiliating ſituations by the imprudence of their parents, or by many other unavoidable misfortunes, whoſe education may have been as liberal as theirs whom a reverſe of fortune has reduced them to ſerve, and whoſe flattering proſpects once promiſed them better days and far more exalted views; who once knew what it was to have every indulgence at their own command, without any reaſon to apprehend being deprived

prived of them. Surely, ſuch blameleſs ſufferers, whilſt they ſubmit to their change of fortune with cheerful humility, are intitled to our tendereſt regard, and have a juſt claim upon our benevolence to make them feel as little inconvenience as poſſible from a ſtate of dependence, to which, ſo uncertain is every thing on earth, it may one day be our turn to ſubmit.

The meaneſt, the moſt deſpiſed of human beings, may, if treated with cruelty and injuſtice, prove a dangerous enemy; or, on the contrary, riſe ſo far ſuperior to his preſent ſtation, as to be a valuable and uſeful friend: therefore from motives of policy, as to worldly matters, as well as from all thoſe of a more captivating and generous nature, it is far better to behave with an uniform ſteadineſs of humanity to thoſe you have it in your power to make happy or miſerable, than to extort an unwilling compliance to any unreaſonable commands, with unfeeling and rigid ſeverity.

I have often heard it obſerved, that, to know a perſon's real character, you muſt ſee them in their own family. To hear any one ſpeak improperly to their ſervants, or to ſee them compelled to ſubmit to their pride, caprice, or ill humour, muſt give the careful obſerver a mean opinion of their diſpoſition. It calls in queſtion, not only their want of knowledge, as to the duties

duties of their ſtation, but a want of good temper, which is a jewel of ſuch value as ſhould ever be preſerved with care.—'Tis ſo becoming an ornament as never ſhould for one hour be laid aſide: it will make the plaineſt form agreeable; prove a prevailing advocate in procuring friends, and has been known to diſarm the moſt reſolute and determined enemy of their reſentment. A perſon bleſt with an uniform ſweetneſs of temper, will ever be admired, reſpected and beloved: it never can be ſeen in a more intereſting point of view, or its ſincerity and ſweetneſs be more fully proved than by its benign exertions to render dependants happy, and ſatisfied with their humble ſtation. To be perpetually out of humour for every frivolous trifle, and to make others wretched for our capricious diſappointments, ſerves to ſhew a weakneſs of underſtanding, and a total want of that conſiderate humanity, which would ſcorn to leſſen its own regrets at the expence of a fellow-creature, though that fellow-creature be a ſervant. The very name, if properly conſidered, ſhould make every one deſirous of proving themſelves kind maſters, or indulgent miſtreſſes.

Sir William Auburn's family lived in a moſt luxurious and faſhionable ſtyle, till perpetual diſſipation had ſo far reduced their fortune as to oblige them to retire into the country,

country, in order to ſave expences. They had only one ſon and a daughter, who, from being accuſtomed to gaiety and extravagance, accompanied their parents with unwillingneſs and diſcontent. Miſs Auburn was naturally of a ſweet and placid diſpoſition, and very ſoon became perfectly conformable to their neceſſary change of life; but her brother Edmund found it impoſſible to reconcile himſelf, or humble his proud ſpirit to the degrading and mortifying alteration, notwithſtanding his father and mother had endeavoured to convince him of the neceſſity to retrench, and expreſſed their ſorrow for having, by their obſtinate imprudence, made the change not only prudent but unavoidable.

The houſe ſteward was the only one in the family who had dared to acquaint Sir William of the deranged ſtate of his finances; and in the all-perſuaſive language of truth and friendly warmth, pointed out the danger of any longer deferring the plan of retiring. He was a good and venerable old man, who had held the ſame place under Sir William's father, and ever maintained a character free from reproach. Edmund, by ſome means or other, diſcovered that Godfrey had put theſe prudential notions into his father's head; and therefore took every opportunity to ridicule, teaze, and mortify this worthy and faithful ſervant

vant, who at length grew ſo weary of his ſituation, that he determined to leave his place. He had, fortunately, a few years before, a pretty eſtate deſcended to him at the death of a diſtant relation, and had ſaved a conſiderable ſum during the time he had lived in Sir William's family, excluſive of a very handſome legacy left him by a former maſter. When he informed Sir William and his lady of his intention to quit their ſervice, they were much hurt and ſurpriſed, and even condeſcended to requeſt, that he would give up his deſign; and begged to know if he had met with any thing particular or diſagreeable that had determined him to leave them. Miſs Auburn, who really loved the good man, burſt into tears, and enquired how he could be ſo unkind as to think of leaving her father; adding, that ſhe hoped ſhe had never given him any offence, or any cauſe of complaint. 'For ſhame, Caroline!' exclaimed her brother, 'do not degrade 'yourſelf by aſking ſuch humiliating queſ-'tions of a ſervant! What buſineſs have 'ſuch people to be offended? If the old 'fellow thinks he can do better, let him 'go: I am perſuaded we ſhall do as well 'without him: his old-faſhioned honeſty, 'and buſy impertinence have cauſed ſuffi-'cient revolutions in this family. If he 'ſtays any longer, he may make ſtill far-

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'ther innovations; and bye and bye you 'and I muſt ſubmit to be under his tuiti-'on, as my father has already been too 'much for our happineſs.'—Sir William deſired his ſon to be ſilent; and honeſt Godfrey thus addreſſed his maſter:—

'The cauſe of my leaving you, Sir, is 'now ſufficiently explained, and that the 'perſon who occaſioned me to form the 'reſolution, or it otherwiſe never ſhould 'have been explained by me. I am too 'old to be inſulted, and too honeſt to de-'ceive a maſter, for whom I ſhall ever re-'tain the ſincereſt reſpect. My heart is 'diſtreſſed at leaving this houſe; but go 'I muſt; I cannot join with others to be-'tray him into miſery, neither can I ſub-'mit to connive at the vices of his ſon. 'My ever dear Miſs Auburn, I love you 'as my child. I admire your virtues, and 'own your ſweetneſs:—if ever you want a 'friend, condeſcend to remember old 'Godfrey; it may one day be in his pow-'er to convince you, that the humbleſt 'of your attendants may be a ſincere 'friend.'

In a ſhort time Godfrey left Sir William's ſervice, to the great regret of all the family, except Edmund, who rejoiced that the ſaucy monitor was no longer preſent to talk of prudence, or prevent pleaſure.

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In about ſix months, Sir William grew weary of retirement, and Lady Auburn ſighed for diſſipation; Edmund availed himſelf of the proper moment, and wrought them to his purpoſe. They returned to London, entered with more avidity than ever into every faſhionable and expenſive amuſement; nor ſtopt their mad career, till Lady Auburn had conſented to give up her jointure, and the laſt acre was gone. Sir William fell a victim to repentance, vice and ſhame; Edmund met with his proper reward, by being obliged to go out to one of our Weſt-India ſettlements with an enſign's commiſſion. Lady Auburn retired with her daughter into the country, to live upon an annuity of about fifty pounds a year, which was generouſly ſettled upon her by the creditors during her life. The ſweetneſs of Miſs Auburn's temper did not forſake her in this change of ſituation; and though ſhe foreſaw, that at her mother's deceaſe ſhe muſt be left deſtitute of ſupport, ſhe looked forwards with hope; and with compoſed reſignation and pious fortitude, ſubmitted to this humiliating reverſe of fortune; by doing which, ſhe taught her mother to bear her affliction with leſs regret.

Not long after they were ſettled in a neat but humble cottage, within a few miles

miles of the place in which they had once lived with ſo much ſplendour; they were told that a gentleman deſired to ſpeak with them, who had been ſhewn into their little parlour by a girl (the only ſervant they kept). When Lady Auburn and her daughter entered the room, they were ſtruck with pleaſing aſtoniſhment at ſeeing Godfrey. The venerable old man aroſe reſpectfully on their entrance—burſt into tears—'Gracious God!' he exclaimed, 'Why have I lived to this day, to ſee the 'grand-daughter of my ever dear and 'reſpected maſter, reduced to a ſituation 'ſo beneath her rank, ſo unworthy her 'worth and ſweetneſs?—And you, my 'good lady, it wrings my heart to ſee you 'in ſuch a houſe as this.' Lady Auburn was affected, and welcomed the worthy creature, with tears of joy, to her humble habitation. Miſs Auburn took him by the hand—'My good friend,' 'ſaid ſhe, with her accuſtomed compoſure, 'grieve not 'for us; we are not ſo wretched as you 'may ſuppoſe. We have ſtill ſufficient 'to procure us all the neceſſaries of life, 'and many of its comforts. We have 'reconciled ourſelves entirely, my dear 'Godfrey, to the loſs of its luxuries—it 'had been better for us, had we never been 'truſted with them. Several ladies in the 'neighbourhood have been very kind in

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'ſending me work. I am now painting a 'ſet of trimmings for a friend, againſt 'the next birth-night, for which I ſhall 'be handſomely paid; we ſhall be quite 'rich! You ſhall ſtay with us ſome days, 'and be witneſs to our happineſs.'—I 'will live with you,' he cried, 'if you 'will give me leave! (I can afford to pay 'for my board,) and attend you as uſual. 'I have not a relation in the world. I 'am rich—all I have ſhall be one day 'yours; it will be no contemptible for-'tune. I always foreſaw what would hap-'pen, and have kept myſelf in readineſs 'to fly to you in the hours of your adver-'ſity. Excuſe me, Miſs Auburn, you 'were ever the darling of my heart. Ma-'ny hours delight have you afforded your 'faithful Godfrey, in your prattling in-'fancy; and your encreaſing virtues, as 'you grew up, created in my boſom 'a kind of paternal fondneſs, which, at 'times, I found it difficult to ſuppreſs and 'conceal, as it was my place to do. Your 'ſweetneſs of temper, my dear young 'lady, your kind attentions to me in 'ſickneſs or diſtreſs, won my heart, and 'determined me, long ago, to make you 'my heir. I have brought an hundred 'pounds for any preſent emergencies. 'My income, in future, ſhall be at your 'diſpoſal; you muſt, however, ſtill con-

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'ſider me only as your ſteward.' Miſs Auburn threw herſelf into his arms.—'My guardian friend! my ſecond parent: 'talk not of being our ſervant: you are 'our equal; and, in generoſity and good-'neſs, far our ſuperior.—Never, never 'will we be ſo cruel as to rob you of the 'fruits of your honeſt induſtry.'—'I ſhall 'die, if I may not be permitted to attend 'you, my dear young lady,' cried Godfrey: 'I muſt never leave you more, un-'leſs you mean to diſtreſs me—I will be 'your ſervant while I live.'—'Our friend, 'you mean,' ſaid Lady Auburn; 'as ſuch 'you ſhall live with me and Caroline. 'She ſhall attend you in your declining 'years: 'tis but a juſt return for your 'kindneſs to her in infancy, and your 'friendſhip to her almoſt unprotected and 'deſerted youth.'—What, then, is be-'come of Mr. Rivers, madam?' ſaid honeſt Godfrey; (his cheek tinged with an indignant bluſh, and his eye again gliſtening with a tear)—'Surely he has not for-'ſaken you, my dear young lady:—if he 'has, I hope you have forgotten him.' Miſs Auburn left the room. Lady Auburn addreſſing her humble friend, informed him, that from the time the deranged ſtate of Sir William's affairs became publicly known, there had been a viſible coldneſs in the parents of Mr. Ri-

vers; and, from the time of his death, the young gentleman's viſits had been prohibited, on pain of being diſinherited. The prohibition had been obeyed, but the lover remained conſtant, and ſincerely lamented being obliged to give up his hopes; but was determined, if Miſs Auburn continued diſengaged, to prove the ſincerity of his affection, by a ſecond offer of his hand—'Then ſhe ſhall be happy! ſince 'her lover is deſerving of her; ſhe ſhall 'be happy!' ſaid Godfrey: 'tis in my 'power to put her in poſſeſſion of a for-'tune, equal to that my maſter deſigned 'to give her, and it ſhall be done imme-'diately.—but ſhe muſt let me be her ſer-'vant—'tis all the reward I wiſh—Thank 'God, I ſhall yet live to ſee her happy!'

It was with the greateſt difficulty Lady Auburn and her daughter could prevail upon this worthy man to live with them upon terms of equality; to ſit down at table with them, or to be treated as a friend, inſtead of an humble dependant. At length, they gained their purpoſe; but he never could conquer his diffident reſpect, to be preſent whenever any of the genteel families in the neighbourhood viſited them. They ſoon removed into a better and more commodious houſe; two ſervants were added to the one who lived with them when Godfrey arrived at the village. Miſs Auburn

Auburn ſoon had an opportunity of informing her lover of the ſudden and unexpected change in her affairs. As the want of fortune was the only objection his parents made to his marrying the daughter of their former friend, that obſtacle removed, their conſent was ſoon obtained by the impatient lover. Godfrey had the happineſs of living with his young lady, of being many years a witneſs to her felicity, and of ſeeing her eldeſt daughter as lovely and good humoured as his beloved Miſs Auburn. He was not only reſpected and revered for his virtues, whilſt living, but lamented as a friend and parent, when ſummoned to receive the juſt reward of fidelity, generoſity, and undiſſembled worth.

UNCERTAINTY.

What ſaid the vain unthinking boy?—
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou can'ſt, whence joys ariſe,
Or what thoſe mighty joys you prize.
You'll find and truſt ſuperior years)
The valé of life a vale of tears.
Could wiſdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchaſe them when found,
Wou'd ſcepter'd Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, falſe, and vain?

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

HOW apt are we to complain of the Uncertainty of all worldly enjoyments,

and erroneouſly conſider that Uncertainty as a misfortune which is in itſelf a real bleſſing, and one of the greateſt mercies Providence could have beſtowed on mortals! Did we know how ſome of our beſt ſchemes and favourite plans were to terminate, we ſhould ſit down indolent and inactive, and take no pains to improve our knowledge, or encreaſe our fortune: the arm of induſtry would often be rendered nerveleſs, and a thouſand inventions and diſcoveries would have been buried in total oblivion.

Were we acquainted with the hour in which we were to die, we ſhould fix our thoughts ſo much on that gloomy period, that we might be ſaid to die every hour of our lives, and ſhould make no proviſion for poſterity.

To take a retroſpective view of a few years in any one's life that have been diſtinguiſhed by many ſingular events, or, to ſpeak in the language of romance (adventures) muſt afford infinite entertainment and ſurpriſe to a contemplative mind. I have, on my own part, often looked back with aſtoniſhment at the revolution which even one ſhort week has occaſioned, and which, could I previouſly have told what it would have produced, would have thrown a gloom over many preceding months. Death has robbed me of a relation; a friend has

has proved falſe; a parent has been ſtruggling with diſeaſe; the world has been unkind; ingratitude has diſtreſſed me; and a thouſand other unexpected changes have ſucceeded each other, that have made a total alteration in my ſentiments and feelings.

The life of us, mortals, in this our varying pilgrimage, may very juſtly be compared to a book: the weeks we may conſider as chapters, and the days as pages; which, when we firſt begin to read, we go on peruſing with a mixture of hope, pleaſure, and pain; but ſhould often be tempted to throw it aſide, did we know how the ſtory would conclude.

What numberleſs viciſſitudes in the ſhort period of a few fleeting years! We often ſee thoſe whom we thought fortunate and happy, hurled in an inſtant from the top of fortune's wheel into the dreaded cell of poverty and miſery, and there left to pine away the reſidue of their days unnoticed, unpitied, unregarded. Others ſhall as rapidly emerge from the ſhades of obſcurity, and be as ſuddenly brought forward to figure and exult in the gay ſunſhine of proſperity. The meteor ſhall be obſerved with wonder, and if it does not as ſuddenly evaporate as it was produced to our view, have a ſufficient number of ſycophants and flatterers to deſcribe its magnitude, and praiſe its brilliancy.

It is with ſurpriſe I have often obſerved the lucky train of events which follow many; whatever they undertake ſhall proſper: others, with apparently ſuperior merit, more ſhining abilities, better diſpoſitions, and a clearer knowledge of the world, ſhall have to combat difficulties, and contend with a conſtant ſeries of diſappointments: every ſcheme however well planned, ſhall fail of ſucceſs, every project be overthrown, whilſt to the eye of the keeneſt obſervation no clue can be found, no cauſe diſcovered for this wayward humour of good or ill fortune.

Whatever then may be our portion of joy or ſorrow in this world, let us never dare to breathe a wiſh to remove the friendly veil which Providence has kindly thrown over every future event. Did we know the ſorrows which fate had ordained us to encounter, we ſhould be ſo terrified at the proſpect, that we ſhould become unequal to the conteſt: or did we know the good which was to happen, we ſhould be in equal danger from a contrary effect. Let us, therefore, reſt ſatisfied with our ſituation, without forming the dangerous wiſh of prying into futurity. Were the veil removed, which the Almighty has, in mercy, made uſe of to conceal his diſpenſations, it would fatally convince us of our error, and the granting our requeſt would prove a ſevere

a ſevere puniſhment. He who created man beſt knows how to conduct him through this wily labyrinth of trial and danger, and to protect him from a thouſand unſeen rocks and quickſands, upon which the gratifying his vain wiſhes would be the means of throwing him.

If we next conſider the horrors and devaſtations of war, our wonder will be encreaſed, and our reſtleſs and impatient ſpirits, eagerly call to be informed why it ſhould be ordained that ſo many thouſands of brave men ſhould fall a ſacrifice to the pride and ambition of contending kings, and as often to the bad deſigns, ſecret contrivances and intrigues of their aſpiring miniſters! Heaven knows, and 'tis fit that Heaven only ſhould be acquainted with the wonderful and incomprehenſible myſtery: for 'tis Heaven's Lord that alone can have ſupported ſo many noble and ſuffering martyrs through ſuch various ſcenes of horror, from which humanity retires affrighted.

Within the laſt few years we have known almoſt the whole world engaged in the ſad tragedy of war. How the piece would conclude, happily none could tell: and although every act was replete with miſery, many of its ſcenes exhibited ſuch proofs of public ſpirit, virtue, and heroic fortitude as will ever reflect immortal honour on

Britiſh valour, and ſtrike terror to the ſouls of our united enemies. How often was private happineſs ſacrificed to the public good! the moſt tender ties ſevered and torn aſunder, to give place to the love of glory and the good of our country!

May the diſtreſſes of the ſuffering multitude, whilſt they draw the tear of pity from the eye of ſenſibility, teach us reſignation, and firm reliance on the will of that ſupreme and auguſt Being who cannot err, and whoſe wiſe diſpenſations, though they may appear with the rugged aſpect of ſtern ſeverity, are undoubtedly permitted for the benefit of ſociety in general: and though we are not able to comprehend the cauſe of many things, which as mortal our nature is prone to lament, we may reſt aſſured they will one day be explained to our ſatisfaction.

Let us, therefore, for the preſent, endeavour to remain ſatisfied that, however myſterious the ways of Providence appear to us, ſhort-ſighted mortals, we ſhall at the final cloſing of our account diſcover, that the whole ſyſtem was planned by unerring wiſdom, and every event the ordination of undeviating mercy.

May the following paper, and poetical epiſtle, convince you of the folly of not being ſatisfied with your ſituation, or cheriſhing a wiſh to have it altered.

THE

THE art of being miſerable is a ſtudy more univerſal than may at firſt be imagined. You can ſcarce mix with any company, without meeting with a regular profeſſor. It is not confined to either ſex; it is equally adopted by the ladies, as well as the gentlemen. A proficient in this art, views every object and every circumſtance that occurs in life, on the moſt diſagreeable and unfavourable ſide, and fixes it as an invariable rule, never to be pleaſed.—The weather is an inexhauſtible ſource of ſeaſonable vexation. If it rains, there is no poſſibility of bearing it; this is ſuch weather as Engliſhmen hang themſelves in; if froſty, all the fruit will be deſtroyed, and we ſhall have no vegetables to eat: if it is warm, it is inſupportable; it is worſe than living under the line. The meaſures of government afford another ample ſcope for being eternally diſpleaſed; for, as the miniſter cannot do any thing that can poſſibly be right, it neceſſarily follows, that all he does muſt be wrong. We are ruined by the gold act; diſtreſſed by the window tax; very little benefited by the duties being taken off tea and ſpirits: the axe is laid at the root of liberty by every new bill. Here is a glorious field for being happily out of temper all the ſeaſon at leaſt.—An approaching general election regenerates all the animadverſions that can

poſſibly be deviſed againſt bribery and corruption; the venality of parliaments, the ſale of boroughs, and miniſterial influence; and, if a man cannot work himſelf up to a fine glow of vexation upon theſe ſubjects, he is no proficient in the art of being miſerable. But a regular profeſſor does not confine himſelf to theſe great topics of diſguſt; he enters into all the minutiæ of uneaſineſs. When alone, he upbraids Providence for placing him in a ſtate ſo much inferior to his merit; raves at the caprices of that blind jade, Fortune; ſuſpects every man's probity, and conſtantly imagines ſome ſcheme is laid for his deſtruction: in the world he gives credit to no intelligence, till it is in the Gazette, as the papers are crammed with lies; and then frequently ſuggeſts, it is violently exaggerated or ſoftened as the caſe may require, to ſerve ſome party or political purpoſe. In company, no ſtory, however pleaſant, can aggravate a muſcle; ſinging is fit for women and children, and he has no ear for muſic. —His dinner is always ſpoiled; the wine is conſtantly adulterated, the punch bad, and the beer ſour or muddy.—Even a fine woman cannot pleaſe him, as her vanity is inſupportable.

The ſame traits, with ſome allowance for the difference of ſex, may be traced in the female world. If ſhe is not ſo deep in politics,

politics, ſhe is far more deep in ſcandal; and there is not a woman, whom ſhe conſiders as a rival in beauty or attractions, but is to be ſuſpected of a faux pas, or ſome vice that is a diſgrace to the ſex. Her millener is blind, as ſhe never makes a cap to ſuit her; and her mantua-maker is out of her ſenſes, for making her gowns ſo much out of faſhion; her maids are aukward ſluts, and lazy huſſeys. The public places are crowded with nothing but low-life wretches; and the men are all, (if ſhe is an old maid) villains, ſeducers, deceivers, gamblers—(if married) unfeeling, inconſtant, drunkards, unkind, and inſenſible wretches.

Having thus taken a diſguſt to every being, animate or inanimate, and every ſituation and circumſtance that can poſſibly occur, we may venture to pronounce him orher as an adept in the art of being completely miſerable.

A Familiar Epiſtle to a murmuring Friend, who was often complaining, 'that his 'condition in life was worſe than any 'body's.'

Then change your ſtation, Momus—try ſome other—
Change for a better with ſome friendly brother;
I'll be your doctor, Sir, your kind adviſer,
Change with ſome man that's mightier, wealthier, wiſer.

'How!

'How! change my ſtation?—that's a pleaſing
'ſound;
'But—tell me where a better may be found?
'Alas!—how know you but my envy'd neighbour
'Beneath as grievous diſcontents may labour
'As I who murmur?"—

'Tis no doubtful caſe,
Moſt men's complainings prove it to your face.
Lo! Crœſus ſtruts, in treaſures rich and great,
Yes—but his ſon is—ſquand'ring his eſtate.

Gripus' full bags his eyes with pleaſure fill—
But Gripus dreams of thieves and robbers ſtill.
Cornubio's heart is gen'rous, wiſe, and good;
But how's his wife? No better than ſhe ſhou'd.
How bleſt the batchelor! how free from ſtrife!
True—but he's inly pining for a wife.
Flatus, with titles how ſupremely bleſt,
Yes—if his conſcience would but let him reſt.
Bibo exults, in conſtitution ſtout,
True,—and for this he thanks a ten weeks gout.

Some wiſh for children, others wiſh they'd none;
This loſt an only daughter, that a ſon.
Some want promotions, others have too many;
Some hoard their thouſands, and yet want a penny.
Some on a coach and four their paſſions fix;
Nothing is greater! Yes, a coach-and-ſix.
Florella's dreſt as modiſh as you will,
And ſhe were bleſt, but—Flavia's finer ſtill.

Thus, keen vexations riſe in various ways,
And, more or leſs, embitter all our days.
It nought avails, whate'er we call our own,
While peeviſh paſſions rule in Reaſon's throne.
Wealth, honour, pow'r, dominion, all is vain,
While ſelfiſh, envious, fretful humours reign.
Where then for ſuccour ſhall poor mortals flee?
That brings contentment home to you and me?
Philoſophy,

Philoſophy, with all her boaſted train
Of fine concluſions, promiſes in vain.
Wit, genius, judgment, fine diſtinguiſh'd parts,
Theſe fill our heads, but not content our hearts.
One ſource of bliſs, and one alone, we find,
Can cheer the ſoul, and eaſe the murm'ring mind.
Religion, bleſt Religion! thou alone
That treaſure art, that grand catholicon!
By thy convincing, thy conſoling light,
We take our ſtation, and believe 'tis right:
The friendly, ſocial, gentle, pious breaſt,
Sits on the rock of everlaſting reſt.

Thus wiſdom points your way, and bids you ſtill
Be virtuous, and be happy as you will.

CONTENTMENT.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himſelf.

YOUNG.

Temper misfortunes ever with content,
So rightly uſe the life that heaven hath lent:
What, tho' no gilded fret-work mark your door,
Short is the time that levels rich and poor:
Let none repine, whatever woes enthral,
He who made all things, ſoon may alter all.

MOZEEN.

IN whatever ſituation of life, my children and young friends, kind Providence ſhould

ſhould place you, learn therewith to be content. Content is happineſs: 'tis an inexhauſtible treaſure of invaluable ſweets; it will ſoften the rude hand of affliction, encourage you to conquer difficulties, ſmooth the rugged paths of life, and invigorate your ſouls to encounter the ſtorms of adverſity, in whatever ſhape they may aſſail you. Look not amongſt thoſe you think happier or more fortunate than yourſelves, but turn your eyes on thoſe who have fewer advantages and indulgences: you muſt then be both weak and ungrateful, not to reſt ſatisfied with your lot, and the portion of good things you enjoy. Few can find their ſituation ſo unpleaſant, as not to diſcover others that are worſe, and more diſtreſſing; neither is it a matter of ſuch very great importance what accommodations we meet, whilſt we are but the paſſengers of a few fleeting years, half of which are ſpent in childhood and old age.

If we are poor, we may reſt aſſured that we have fewer cares, and are leſs expoſed to temptations than the rich. If we are rich, we ſhould often recollect, that we are only ſtewards of that wealth which Providence has put into our hands for ſome wiſe and good purpoſes, and of which we muſt give an account. If we have uſed our truſt as we ought, like the juſt ſteward, we ſhall be rewarded: if unworthily,

happy

happy had it been for us, had we been poor as our firſt parents, when they were driven from Paradiſe. 'It is eaſier for a 'camel to paſs through the eye of a needle, 'than for a rich man to enter the king-'dom of heaven'—A convincing proof, that riches are dangerous poſſeſſions to thoſe, who, forgetful of the intention for which they were deſigned, profuſely ſquander a bleſſing, and transform it to a curſe.

That Providence has more equally diſtributed its favours amongſt us, than many are willing to allow, I never doubted one moment of my life. The placid and contented looks of the humble peaſant, whoſe whole ſupport depends on the labour of his hands; the cheerful reſignation of the poor beggar, early in life convinced me of this important truth, and rendered me more indifferent to thoſe captivating advantages of fortune, which ſo many pine in ſecret to poſſeſs. From what experience I have had in life, and from what I have ſeen of the world, I have always conſidered the middle claſs of people, as, by far, the happieſt: their deſires are confined to their ſituation, or ſeldom extend ſo far beyond it, as to give them an hour of ſerious regret. Though not permitted to live in ſlothful eaſe, and debilitating inactivity, many of them are exempt from

from actual labour; and the little fortune their induſtry has acquired, produces a thouſand real enjoyments, which thoſe born to affluence too often never know the real value of poſſeſſing. Their ambition does not ſtep an inch beyond their ſituation: they know but little of pride. The plain food which ſmoaks on their plentiful, though not luxurious tables, is a means of ſecuring to thoſe which ſit around them the bleſſings of health, whilſt the neatneſs and ſimplicity of their accommodation ſerve to encreaſe their appetite. They are not only humble and contented, but ſecured from ſome of the greateſt monſters which prey on the peace of mortals—pride, ambition, and luxury.

Yet has fortune its real enjoyments, when not improperly applied; and many of the pleaſures and conveniencies it can produce, are not only pleaſing but deſirable, and very few but ſometimes wiſh to enjoy the comforts and advantages of independence, which if not born to inherit from our family or connections, we have an undoubted right to uſe every fair and laudable method to obtain, from the profeſſion or buſineſs in which we are engaged. To make a decent proviſion for a family is the duty of every parent, more particularly thoſe whoſe children have from their birth been accuſtomed to enjoy the bleſſings

bleſſings of plenty, and have not been put in a way of life to make a proper proviſion for themſelves. To gratify our own paſſions or extravagant humours at their expence, by leaving them unprovided, or dependent on a mercileſs world, is a ſpecies of injuſtice and cruelty that muſt ever be juſtly cenſured, and, in my opinion, is ſuperior to that practiſed by the ferocious ſavages on their unfortunate captives.

Induſtry has a thouſand delights unknown to the indolent and idle. Indolence has as many cares unknown to the induſtrious. Sweet are the reflections of thoſe who have employed their buſy day of life to advantage. If ſucceſs has crowned their endeavours, and procured them an eaſy chair for their old age, they enjoy it with thankfulneſs: if, on the contrary, misfortunes have defeated their purpoſe, and diſappointed ſchemes cautiouſly planned and honeſtly executed, they can look back on their paſt lives without finding their burden encreaſed by any ſelf-reproaches; and the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved better ſucceſs, will in a great meaſure ſerve to reconcile them to their diſappointments.

Not ſo compoſedly will the ſlothful and imprudent be able to look back, and take a retroſpective view of the months and years which are gone, and gone for ever.

The

The front of the picture will only ſerve to repreſent them as uſeleſs members of ſociety, and the back ground of it, ſhew them in moſt degrading colours the folly of which they have been guilty. Yet many of ſuch uſeleſs cyphers are loud in their complaints againſt Providence, and the world, when, alas! only themſelves have been to blame.

Man was made to perform an active part in the great drama of life, to encounter difficulties and diſcouragements, and to be reſolute in his endeavours to conquer them. Life is too ſhort, and too valuable, to be ſpent in idle inactivity, or in wayward repinings againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. Emulation ſhould excite our utmoſt endeavours to excel in whatever we undertake, Prudence direct our actions, Religion inſpire our ſouls with fortitude and reſignation, whilſt Patience, ſhould guide the reins "to run the race which is ſet before us." Then, though we are diſappointed of uninterrupted ſucceſs, we cannot fail of ſelf-approbation; and having once obtained contentment, reſt ſatisfied with either riches or poverty.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

ADRASTUS, a man of deep eruditi-on, profound reading, and a philoſophi-cal

cal turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, chiefly from the uninterrupted pleasures of contemplation. He was a man not only of learning and property, but of philanthropy, and equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for wisdom and generosity. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most cheerful, and well disposed. His cottage, though small, was dressed by the hand of neatness; and frugality, with simplicity, were ever the guardians that attended upon this happy family. All situations and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of his constitution, which enabled him to turn all events to his advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, and in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as a tenant of that very farm when the father of Adrastus first took possession of the estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor ever had a quarrel in the parish. His toil was sweetened and alleviated by the pleasing thoughts of providing for his offspring; and this constant employment not only inspired him with health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination,

nation, at the ſame time, that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious paſſions. He had in his time put many eſtranged hands together; reconciled many pettiſh, peeviſh differences; ſettled many family breaches; ſuggeſted, while he was church-warden, many a little ſcheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy, at ſurveying the poſſeſſions of the rich.

Theſe unaſſuming, though ſolid virtues, gained him ſuch a reputation in the county wherein he reſided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the 'Contented Cottager.'—He was, in truth, "Paſſing rich, with forty pounds a "year."

An account of him was tranſmitted to Adraſtus, who went to pay him a viſit, in order to ſee how true report had characteriſed him; for, though Adraſtus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abſtracted, philoſophical, and ſedentary ſituation, made him, perſonally, but little acquainted with even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the ſteward, for the converſation and buſineſs of quarter day.

A man of the contented cottager's diſpoſition, however, was too important an object not to excite the curioſity of a philoſopher; and, accordingly, he ſet apart one

one afternoon, or rather evening, on purpoſe for this entertainment. Adraſtus arrived at the farmer's about half an hour after ſun-ſet; 'when twilight grey had in 'her ſober livery all things clad.' The farmer, whoſe name was Matthew Mendland, was ſitting at the door of his little cottage, ſmoaking his pipe, and ſurrounded by his children; his wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholeſome ſupper. The farmer knew his landlord perſonally, and roſe, as to his ſuperior, offering him the beſt ſeat in his homely cottage.

'Here your honour finds me,' ſaid the farmer, 'in a ſmall but happy place. I 'have been upon your ground theſe many 'days; and if you think good to renew 'my leaſe, which expires at Michaelmas, 'I ſhall moſt likely end my life in your 'ſervice. If your honour likes me, I like 'you. Your dues are always ready to the 'hour; and I have no more reaſon to com-'plain of my landlord, than he has of his 'tenant; and ſo—.' Adraſtus interrupted him, by deſiring to ſee the leaſe, and to have a pen and ink, for the purpoſe of renewing it upon the ſpot. 'As to pen and 'ink, Sir,' replied the farmer, 'I have no 'uſe for them; and ſo, never keep any by 'me: I can't read or write, and ſo ſuch 'things are of no ſervice—but, if your 'honour

'honour wants to write, I can ſend to the 'ſhop for paper and ink, and I can eaſily 'ſend one of my boys to the green to pick 'up a quill; or, if your honour is in a 'hurry, Tom ſhall borrow a feather from 'the old gander, who is, I ſee, juſt waddling 'to his bed,'—'It don't ſignify, at preſent, 'farmer,' ſaid Adraſtus; 'I'll ſign it ano-'ther time. But don't you really know 'any thing about books? I actually thought 'you had employed all your ſpare time in 'ſtudy; that you gathered your notions of 'œconomy, induſtry, and parental propri-'ety, from hiſtoric examples, or tradition-'ary annals.' 'No, really, Sir, not I,' ſaid the farmer; 'I am a very illiterate man. 'My father could not afford to give me an 'education, and I have had neither time 'nor opportunity ſince. Nature and the 'uſes of my eyes, have been my only in-'ſtructors; and if I have been able to live 'reputably to the age of threeſcore, and 'even to rear up my children ſoberly, 'cleanly, and virtuouſly, I owe it merely 'to them. Indeed, to ſay the truth, my 'buſineſs as a farmer, threw in my way 'a thouſand inſtructive objects. My yard 'is ſtocked with improvement. At the 'end of that ſmall ſlip of a garden, I have 'a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little in-'duſtrious animals, who tell me, what a 'ſhame it would be to lead the life of a

'drone;

'drone; my maxim upon this is, Sir, 'that he who don't make ſome honey, 'ought to eat none; and ſo this made me 'indefatigable to earn my meal before I ſat 'down to it. Nay, in this part of my 'duty I am farther inſtructed by the little 'creatures who inhabit the mole-hill. Is 'it poſſible for a man to ſee the poor 'things hard at work for the day of ne-'ceſſity, and not take the hint, and lay up 'a modicum for his own family? I have 'reſted upon my ſpade, Sir, on purpoſe 'to look at their labours, and then I have 'gone to work again, leſt they ſhould 'have the ſenſe to chide me, for minding 'other people's buſineſs more than my 'own. I have an old houſe-dog, your 'honour—Here, Honeſty. Honeſty, where 'are you, Honeſty!—He, Sir, that aged 'animal, has kept my clothes by day, and 'my cottage by night, till he has not got a 'tooth in his head; and he does for me, 'what I would do for one Thomas Truſty, 'whom I have loved ſince I was young and 'no higher than my hand: he once did 'me a piece of ſervice when it was moſt 'wanted, and while I have breath I ſhall 'never forget it. He, Sir, who has no 'gratitude, has no nature in him; and an 'unnatural man is better dead than alive, 'becauſe when a perſon does no good to 'his neighbour, he has no buſineſs here

'We are all born to do ſomething, and 'he who does a kindneſs deſerves to be 'well remembered for it. With regard 'to my duty as a huſband, I learn that 'from the very pigeons that coo and court 'around my dove-houſe. To this dear 'old dame I have been lawfully married 'forty years, and I cannot think what our 'great folks are about; I find ſuch a plea-'ſure in my conſtancy, as I am ſure I could 'not receive from inconſtancy; and the 'ſmiles of a good woman are a rich re-'ward. With regard to the love I bear 'to theſe little ones, I am taught the duty 'which, as a father, I owe to them, by 'every living thing around me; the wren 'that builds her neſt under my hovel, the 'fowls which peck about my yard, or ſwim 'upon my pond, the creatures which run 'about my paſtures, teach me to be affec-'tionate to their perſons, and anxious for 'the preſervation of my own offspring; 'and in this manner I have learned my 'leſſon of wiſdom and worſhip, truth and 'tenderneſs, from the beaſts of my fields, 'and the birds of the air.'

Here the good man paufed, and directed his eldeſt daughter to draw ſome of his beſt harveſt-home beer.—— Adraſtus was aſtoniſhed at his ſimplicity of manners, and at the ſoundneſs of his ſenſe, as well as at the propriety of his remarks. 'Farmer,' ſaid

ſaid he, 'you have diſtreſſed me, as well 'as delighted me. I came prepared to 'offer you aſſiſtance, and you have left me 'nothing to beſtow. I have nothing that 'you have not, but a great proportion of 'money, and you are ſo truly contented 'as you are, that any additions would, per-'haps, diſconcert the œconomy of your 'plan. You are a happy farmer, and a 'natural philoſopher, without the uſe of 'large ſyſtematic folios, or the toils of a 'ſedentary life. Give me, however, the 'leaſe, that I may put it in my pocket: I 'will tear the leaſe and ——.

'How! your honour,' ſaid the poor alarmed farmer, 'tear my leaſe inſtead of 'renewing it! has then my freedom or my 'happineſs offended you?'

'Yes, Mr. Mendland,' replied Adraſtus, 'I will tear the leaſe, becauſe you have 'no farther uſe for it. The little ſpot of 'ground you have ſo long enriched by 'your care, ſhall henceforth be a patrimo-'ny to your inheritance; you are the pro-'prietor of it from this day. Call on me 'to-morrow morning, and the writings of 'ſurrender ſhall be made out for you; for 'the time to come I muſt be conſidered, not 'as your landlord, but your friend. Let 'me often ſee you at my table, and in my 'garden. In ſhort, as frequently as the 'buſineſs of your family will permit, let

'me get that wiſdom and underſtanding 'which ſurpaſſeth mere mechanical ſci-'ence in the ſociety of the contented cot-'tager.' The farmer would have dropt upon his knee; but Adraſtus prevented him, ſaying, 'Riſe, Mr. Mendland, the 'obligation is on my ſide: I have been 'obliged. In exchange for a few acres, 'for which I have no occaſion, you have 'given me a ſet of maxims and ſentiments 'that are as the purified, thrice refined 'gold of Ophir, and ſhall never depart 'from me.' From this moment Adraſtus and the farmer were intimate companions. Oh, ye landlords and tenants, 'Go ye, 'and do likewiſe!'

SERIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

'Tis thought my viſions are too grave:
A proof I'm no deſigning knave.
Perhaps if intereſt held the ſcales,
I had deviſed far different tales:
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And ſcribbled ſatire and lampoon.

Come then, the cloſing ſcenes ſurvey,
'Tis the laſt act which crowns the play.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

I WAS ever of opinion, that whatever contributes to make a ſerious impreſſion upon the human mind, and awakens it to a proper

a proper ſenſe of the ſtability of all worldly enjoyments, and the far more important concerns of immortality, ought to be attended to. However trifling and unentertaining the following letter may appear to ſome of my readers, I not only venture to preſent it to them, but earneſtly recommend it to their moſt ſerious conſideration.

To the PARENTAL MONITOR.

'MADAM,

'BEING ſome weeks ago on a viſit to 'a relation, who lives in a pleaſant mar-'ket-town, about a hundred miles north 'of the metropolis, I one day went with 'him to church, to hear a charity ſermon, 'which was annually preached there, in 'conſequence of a will made by a Mr. 'Wright, who left a conſiderable donation to the town.

'The congregation were aſſembled, and, 'as is too often the careleſs and indecent 'cuſtom, many of them were complimenting each other with curtſying, news, in-'vitations, &c. &c. and till the clergyman 'began, ſome were laughing, or playing 'with their lap dogs, others doſing, or 'endeavouring to drive away their drowſy 'fit with a pinch of ſnuff.

'For my own part, Madam, I acknowledge I was not much better employed.

'I took out my opera-glaſs, and amuſed 'myſelf with looking round the church, 'ſecretly condemning the painter for giv-'ing ſo reſpectable a character as Moſes 'ſo unbecoming a dreſs, and Aaron ſuch 'an unreaſonable length of beard: I pro-'ceeded to make my obſervations on the 'congregation, ſtared confidently with my 'London airs and impudence at a pretty 'young girl, (who was kneeling humbly 'in the next ſeat) in order to ſee how a 'bluſh would become her, and to ſhew I 'was a man of the ton, by knowing how 'to put modeſty out of countenance.

'But how was my pride, my folly and 'levity, with that of many other triflers 'like myſelf, humbled and corrected, and 'our attention employed in a more ſerious 'and important manner, by the ſudden 'entrance of a funeral, equally unexpect-'ed to others as to myſelf? It was well 'conducted, and attended with unuſual 'ſolemnity; the organ played a ſolemn 'dirge, and its awful and mournful ſounds 'made a ſtill deeper impreſſion.

'Good God! how was the ſcene in a 'moment changed! every one ſeemed to 'ſhrink into themſelves, whilſt contem-'plating the melancholy ſcene before 'them. Trifling and folly could be ſeen 'no more: the clergyman with a ſolemn 'and audible voice began the ſervice;

'proper

'proper pſalms and leſſons were read ſuit-
'able to the occaſion. The ſermon not
'only did juſtice to the virtues and good
'qualities of the deceaſed, but ſo beauti-
'fully deſcribed the benign influence of
'benevolence as found way to every feel-
'ing heart, and plainly denoted the unaf-
'fected piety and goodneſs of the preach-
'er; the tenor of whoſe life, as I was in-
'formed by many of his pariſhioners, cor-
'reſponded with the precepts he ſo ear-
'neſtly endeavoured to inculcate.

'The coffin ſtood upon the bier till the
'ſervice of the church was ended, a ſilent
'admoniſher to all around, and moſt ſo-
'lemnly enforced the ſecret truths we
'heard. Almoſt every eye was drowned
'in tears, and when the funeral rites were
'ended we all mournfully departed to our
'reſpective habitations, in a very different
'humour from that in which we had left
'them.

'I enquired who the perſon was whoſe
'remains had conveyed ſo ſerious a leſſon
'of inſtruction, before they were encloſed
'in the dreary manſions of the tomb.

'I was informed they were the remains
'of a venerable and good old man, whoſe
'blameleſs life had been one continued
'ſcene of afflicted virtue, and ſuffering
'piety, and who had been, at his own par-
'ticular requeſt, placed amongſt his fur-

'viving friends that ſhould on that day be 'aſſembled in the church, in order to im-'preſs one ſerious leſſon before he was 'carried to his parent earth: and having 'proved a friend and example in life, he 'was a monitor even in death.

'That the ſcene might have greater in-'fluence, and none prevented being pre-'ſent, very few were apprized when the 'funeral was to be ſolemnized, till it en-'tered the church.

'Well, indeed, did it anſwer the pious 'deſign for which it was intended. Many 'who never would have mortified them-'ſelves to hear the burial ſervice read, 'were in a manner cheated into hearing 'one of the moſt beautiful and ſolemn 'compoſitions that the piety and genius 'of man ever produced;—for my part, 'Madam, I ſhall never forget the awful 'and ſtriking ſolemnity of the ſcene, and 'would recommend funerals being ſome-'times conducted in every pariſh in the 'ſame manner.

'Nor ſhall I, whenever I ſee any one diſ-'poſed to laugh, ſleep, trifle, or behave irre-'verently in the houſe of God, fail to recol-'lect the ſolemn entrance of Acaſto, and by 'that means be ſecurely armed againſt the 'power of example. ORLANDO.'

As the following viſion willbe no improper companion to the above letter, I thought

thought it a good opportunity to inſert it in this place; it unites inſtruction with fiction, and morality with genius and invention:

VISION.

'I was the other evening reflecting upon 'the various incidents by which Provi- 'dence brings to a period the life of man. 'I purſued my contemplations on this ſub- 'ject till it was time to return to my pil- 'low, and then they attended me, by the 'aſſiſtance of fancy, after I fell aſleep.

'I thought I was of a ſudden tranſport- 'ed to an immeaſurable plain, thickly 'ſhaded on both ſides by rows of the 'cypreſs tree, which appeared to have 'been growing to the veneranleneſs which 'they then boaſted, more than two hun- 'dred years: from theſe, at equal diſtances, 'were to be ſeen huge clumps of yew, 'cluſtering together, interweaving their 'boughs, and hanging their melancholy 'and heavy heads over the dark and rank 'graſs, which they overſhadowed to a pro- 'digious extent. I was, while ſurveying 'this extraordinary ſcene of gloom, over- 'taken by a young perſon apparelled in 'white, with a wand in his hand; his 'locks lying on his left ſhoulder, and his 'air not ſo much conſiſtent with our ideas 'of this world, as that above us. He 'touched my ſhoulder with his wand, and

'I was obliged by its virtue to break ſhort 'my ſtep, and to ſtand fixed.

"Mortal," ſaid he, "how haſt thou "got admittance, with that hue of health "on thy cheek, into theſe regions? Here "none are ſuffered to enter but the pallid "cheek, the ſickly complexion. But I "ſee curioſity in thy eye, and it ſhall, in "pity to thy youth be gratified." 'Saying this, I took hold of the ſkirt of his 'raiment, and followed him, trembling. 'The gloom increaſed as I went deeper 'into the place, and preſently we croſſed 'the plain, and entered a grove, in which 'the darkneſs was juſt viſible! After a 'little time I ſaw, ſcattered through the 'wood, ſeveral little habitations, lighted 'only by ſingle tapers, and ſome were 'wholly dark. I trembled from head to 'foot. "Fear not," ſaid my guide, "this is the Grove of Fate, and thoſe "houſes you ſee before you belong to the "ſervants of the Grand Monarch, com-"monly called the King of Terrors, whoſe "palace you will preſently be a ſpectator "of." I would have retreated. He took 'me gently by the hand, and reſumed his 'diſcourſe. "On the left of you is the "ditch of diſeaſes. In this firſt habitati-"on, dark and dreary as Erebus, through "which you ſee yon taper glimmering, "reſides the demon of war. Hark,

"how

" how the hammers clink, with which he
" is preparing chains for one country, and
" victory for another. In yon ſhop are
" bags of *evil ſuggeſtion*, by which he ſets
" oppoſite kings at variance. In the next
" hut, where you obſerve the fire, lives
" the fury whom you call upon earth,
" Fever. His inſtruments are keenly
" pointed, red hot, and burn to duſt
" whatever they come near: it is his am-
" bition to carry off his victim in twenty-
" four hours; and when he is ordered by
" the Grand Monarch to taint the blood,
" he will frequently begin with the ſon
" and end with the father. But oppoſite
" to him is a demon ten times more po-
" tent and pernicious than Fever. Behold
" he is juſt peeping through the grating of
" his den; for that being is hateful even
" amongſt the Society of Diſtempers. His
" name is Leproſy, and in the ſame cave
" with him reſides his ſiſter, a moſt horri-
" ble ſpectre, who plunders health, poi-
" ſons beauty, conſumes the fleſh. She is
" known in the world by the deteſtable
" name of Proſtitution. At a ſmall diſ-
" tance, but apart from others, for even
" here he is condemned to quarentine,
" dwells a power who ſweeps away towns
" at a ſingle ſtroke; and when it is per-
" mitted him to rage as he pleaſes, he has
" been known to go through a whole city,

" and almoſt depopulate it before night:
" if he were not confined, he would ſub-
" due even the officers of diſeaſe them-
" ſelves. He is called Peſtilence. In that
" hut, hid almoſt amongſt the foliage of
" yew, ſits a ſullen power, who ſeldom
" ſpeaks to any in the village of death,
" although he hath a pretty extenſive em-
" pire, and particularly very large domi-
" nions in that diviſion of the globe which
" is called England. I, who can ſee far-
" ther than you, and to whom this dark-
" neſs is light, can inform you, that he is
" now ſitting ſadly by himſelf, with his
" head upon his breaſt, his eye heavy, his
" arms folded within one another, and a
" frown knitting on his brow, as if he was
" angry. His name is Intemperance, he
" is often accompanied by Madneſs, of
" whom all the diſeaſes are afraid.

" Take eſpecial notice of that perſonage
" whom you ſee ſtaggering into the ninth
" hut on the right hand ſide, leading to
" the palace of Death. He has been diſ-
" turbing the buſineſs of all the diſeaſes;
" the *Grove of Death* is conſtantly in an
" uproar upon his account, and the King
" of Terrors finds him ſo troubleſome,
" that were he not ſo ſerviceable a ſubject
" in other reſpects, he would be only fit
" to reſide in Tartarus. He ſings, ſwears,
" raves, prays, dances, and defies earth and
" heaven,

" heaven, and even ſpeaks rank treaſon
" againſt the monarch, all in a breath:—
" his name is Diſſipation. Take care, let
" him not ſee you, his very look is infec-
" tious, and as he generally carries a bum-
" per in one hand, and a purſe in the
" other, he is armed againſt you with a
" double temptation. In a word, he ruins
" more young people than all the reſt of
" the diſeaſes put together."

'The guide now conducted me into a
'foreſt, near the entrance of which a dark
'but magnificent building, ſhaded by im-
'menſe trees of aconite, yews, cypreſs,
'hemlock, and other bitter vegetables,
'made their appearance. At the door,
'ſitting in ſober mourning, hemmed and
'bound with an embroidery, which re-
'preſented darts, poignards, fire, &c. &c.
'was a tremendous perſon, whom I knew
'to be the King of Terrors. A ſort of
'breaſt-plate depended from his neck, on
'which were emboſſed figures of all the
'diſeaſes I had ſeen, and an hundred others
'that I had not time to notice. A dark
'quill, as if plucked from the ſooty wing
'of the Raven of Fate, if ſuch a bird there
'be, was in his hand, and ſeveral forms,
'amongſt which ſeemed to be Conſump-
'tion, Apoplexy, and Gout, were waiting
'for their mittimuſſes of deſtruction. Pre-

'ſently

'ſently I ſaw an old limping, long-beard-
'ed creature crawl about the palace, with
'a long liſt of names fated to fall that day,
'a ſcy he, and an hour-glaſs. I was ſo
'much alarmed, and ſo much terrified by
'theſe dreadful images, and ſtill more
'from the idea of being within view of
'Death himſelf, not knowing but my own
'name might be marked down in the liſt
'of deſtruction for the next hour, that I
'had only time to underſtand from my
'guide that he was named *Natural Decay*,
'who was the ſon of Temperance, and
'did not look beyond middle age, before
'I awoke, and to the very bottom of my
'heart was glad to find that it was but—
'a dream.'

THE TWO CLOUDS.

A FABLE.

THE ſceptic culls each Chriſtian flow'r,
And places it in Reaſon's bow'r;
Then cries that Nature's ſtrength explores
Heav'n's deepeſt laws, and richeſt ſtores;
That Revelation's but deceit,
Vain, uſeleſs, and an empty cheat.

A cloud in Iris' beams array'd,
Each ſiſter cloud with ſcorn ſurvey'd.

'Hence

'Hence fly,' the painted vapour cries,
'Ye tribe whom gods and men deſpiſe,
'Nor longer kindred dare to claim
'With one who ſpurns your wretched name:
'To whom even Sol himſelf muſt yield,
'Proud as he rolls his dazzling ſhield.
'What tho' he darts his ſcorching rays?
'Tis but an undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
'No eye e'er ſaw his orb diſcloſe
'The crimſon tincture of the roſe,
'The violet's dejected blue,
'Or polianthus' mingled hue.
'While the proud monarch of the ſkies
'In one white glare muſt ever riſe,
'Each tint adorns my ſpangled bow,
'Which heaven, earth, air, or ſeas can ſhow!'

'What inſolence! a cloud exclaims,
'Vile upſtart! deck'd with borrow'd beams!
'A watry cloud juſt now you hung,
'Dark and unnotic'd in the throng;
'Tis Sol himſelf, whom you abuſe,
'Illum'd you with his mingled hues;
'And when he ſhall withdraw his rays,
'Your colours fade, your form decays.
'Hence, empty being of an hour!
'Nor dare to ſcorn thy Maker's pow'r.'

She ſpoke, and ſail'd along the ſky
'Twixt Phœbus and the rainbow's dye:
And now the vapour's tints adorn
The cloud that lately was her ſcorn.

AN

ELEGY.

ENwrapt in thought, replete with Stygian gloom,
Near Arno's flow'ry banks I penſive ſtray'd:
By fancy led, I ſought Camilla's tomb:
Nor fear'd the clouds ripe burſting o'er my head.

Unmov'd I ſaw the boiſt'rous ſtorm deſcend,
Heard the loud tempeſt howl, the whirlwind roar,
I ſaw the foreſt in confuſion bend,
And black deſtruction wide o'erwhelm the ſhore.

Mute Melancholy, mother of Deſpair,
Drew from my breaſt the warm impaſſion'd ſigh,
Remembrance aggravated every care,
And the big drop ſtood quiv'ring in my eye.

And art thou gone? I ſaid. Sweet maid, adieu;
Thou lovely bloſſom of ſo fair a ſpring,
With thy unnumber'd virtues in his view,
Thy willing bard his votive wreath ſhall bring.

To deck thy urn each flow'ret will he twine,
Cull every ſweet, wherever ſweet may be;
Pluck the chaſte roſe bud from Diana's ſhrine,
And dedicate the humble mite to thee.

For thee when Eve, her dewy fingers cold,
Robes the ſtill world in ſtole of ſullen night;
When Silence waves her banners o'er the fold,
And the pale ſtars with-hold their feeble light:

For

For thee beneath the mould'ring arch I ſtray,
And dare the perils pendant o'er my head;
Where death directs his dart I urge my way,
Unmov'd by danger, unappall'd by dread.

From where huge rocks o'erhang the boiſt'rous deep
In ſad ſuſpence I caſt my weary eyes;
Whilſt grief, with whom I ſorrowing vigils keep,
Smites the dull urns, and bids their waters riſe.

Thus, thus, fair ſaint, my joyleſs hours I ſpend,
Thoſe hours, ah! once devote to love and thee!
Would bounteous heaven to earth thy equal lend,
My heart's firſt wiſh I once again ſhould ſee.

But ah! not heav'n's bright manſions can beſtow
A maid like thee for virtue fam'd and worth:
But one bright ſun thro' yon expanſe can glow;
But one Camilla can illumine earth.

If yet attentive to a mortal's pray'r,
Thy pure ſhade pitying views the ſons of clay,
Look down! look down! and witneſs my deſpair,
And ſhew, ah! ſhew me the celeſtial way.

By thee inſpir'd, my roving mind no more
O'er earth's vaſt orb ſhall wing her wayward flight,
No worldly thought ſhall wreck me on the ſhore
Where folly reigns the queen of ſable night.

Why then ſhould heaven thus ſnatch thee from our view?
Why, why permit ſo very ſhort a ſtay?
So from the cowſlips eye the pearly dew,
Sipt from the new-born ſun, diſſolves away.

DEATH.

D E A T H.

Oft let me range the gloomy ayles alone,
(Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls, where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for ſacred wiſdom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And ſaints who taught, and led the way to heav'n.

TICKELL.

MY children, and young friends—having addreſſed you on many important ſubjects, ſuch as were moſt eſſential to fortify your minds againſt the dangers and allurements of vice, and the frivolous abſurdities of folly, in her moſt deluſive ſhapes and flattering diſguiſes—having endeavoured to convince you of the ſuperior excellence, advantages, and comforts to be obtained by keeping up an unremitting intercourſe with religion and virtue; and of the abſolute neceſſity of being ſteady in the practice of your various duties, in order to ſecure yourſelves a portion of temporal happineſs, and an unceaſing reward in the manſions of the bleſſed—I mean, for the preſent, to take my leave of you at the concluſion

concluſion of this paper, which I entreat you will peruſe with the moſt ſerious attention; and though it may prove leſs intereſting and entertaining than many of the foregoing, it may, and I truſt will, ſerve ſometimes to remind you of an event, which, as it muſt one day take place, ought to be frequently recollected in the days of youth and health, leſt you find yourſelves unequal to the conteſt, when the awful moment of trial arrives, and all the beguiling deluſions of life have loſt their influence.

"The laſt enemy that ſhall be deſtroyed "is Death: for he hath put all things un-"der his feet."—To his power we are all ſentenced to ſubmit: yet there is a ſomething within us that ſhrinks from his cold and iron hand, accompanied with a ſolemn dread of that alarming period which is to terminate our mortal pilgrimage. Strange that it ſhould be ſo! whilſt ſo many mouldering graves are daily to be ſeen in every church-yard through which we paſs, and the humble memento's placed at their head tell us ſuch various hiſtories of thoſe they ſerve to commemorate, and by their different accounts of the ages of thoſe who are ſleeping beneath the little hillock, which is all that now remains of their earthly poſſeſſions, and which affords a ſtriking, though ſi[illegible], leſſon of wiſdom to all who will

will ſtop to peruſe them, by convincing us, no period of our lives can boaſt a moment's ſecurity; and that the uncertain tenure on which we are permitted to hold them, is an unanſwerable argument for our being familiar with Death, and conſtantly prepared for his reception.

Set apart a few moments of every returning day for contemplation on this awful ſubject. Let not its ſerioufneſs affrighten you, nor its ſolemnity prevent your giving it entrance to your minds. Since we were born to die, why ſhould we endeavour, or wiſh to forget the moſt important buſineſs of our lives, or fooliſhly dare to hazard putting off our preparation for death, a neglect which can admit of no juſtifiable excuſe, which will give the ſtern tyrant a thouſand additional horrors, if we are ſurpriſed unawares, with all our imperfections uncorrected, our accounts unſettled, and our errors unrepented? Neither defer, till your faculties are impaired, and your vigour decreaſed, your endeavours to familiarize yourſelves with that dreaded adverſary to whom you muſt ſubmit, and with whom it requires the ſoundeſt judgment, the ſtrongeſt reſolution, to be at all times reconciled.

'Tis undoubtedly an erroneous opinion, that only the wicked are intimidated, or feel any ſerious alarms at the approach of death.

death. Many good people are unable to encounter that king of terrors with the fortitude which might be expected from the rectitude and guiltleſs tenor of their lives. The trying conflicts of a late celebrated and eminent writer in his laſt moments, have fully proved the truth of this aſſertion: yet thoſe who ſmarted from the auſterity of his humour, and even his enemies will allow, that he was religious, temperate, charitable, juſt; and that the idea of having given pain to any one occaſioned him many uncomfortable moments; the ſhaft with which he had wounded others often recoiling upon himſelf. But why need I call in any recent teſtimony to confirm this painful truth, when the ſacred writings afford us ſuch undoubted authority, that to fear death has been the lot of man from the beginning of the world? Even our bleſſed Saviour himſelf was not entirely exempt from this fear, when he called upon his Father in the following emphatical words:—"O my Father, if it "be poſſible, let this cup paſs from me: "nevertheleſs, not as I will, but as thou "wilt."

Perhaps it would be impracticable for any arguments, however rational and perſuaſive, entirely to ſubdue this fear of dying, even in the moſt virtuous and exemplary characters: the relative and tender

tie

ties of nature, the various and intereſting duties annexed to them, the charms of affluence, the bleſſings and pleaſures which are profuſely ſtrewn in the flowery path of many of our fellow-creatures, are the faſcinating chains which bind them to earth, the eaſy fetters to which they yield themſelves voluntary captives, and which even tempt them to wiſh the tremendous name of Eternity had never been pronounced, or that a leſs alarming guide than Death had been appointed to introduce them to its awful and unknown confines. Alas! theſe diſtreſſing fears, theſe alarming doubts, more fully prove the inconſiſtency and frailty of our nature, and are convincing teſtimonies how little we know our real intereſt.

What is this Death that we ſo much dread? A mere imaginary tyrant.—We may ſurely call ſleep his brother; yet we reſign ourſelves to ſleep with ſerenity and compoſure, and, fond as we are of life, often ſacrifice a larger portion of it than is needful for our refreſhment, in this temporary kind of dying.

Death is interwoven with our nature. We often bring with us into the world the ſeeds of that diſeaſe which is to carry us out of it again. We may juſtly be ſaid to live by death. The epicure is indebted to it, in a great meaſure, for the rarities and

and profuſion which decorate his table, and pamper his taſte; and often, in the very moments we moſt fear to die, we hazard the life we are anxious to preſerve, either in the purſuit of pleaſure, the indulgence of our appetites, or the gratification of our unruly paſſions. Yet, ſo ſtrange and ſo inconſiſtent is the diſpoſition of us, puſillanimous, diſcontented, wayward mortals, that when called upon to meet our dreaded adverſary, by a ſummons from our Maker, we tremble at the fiat, and anxiouſly wiſh it deferred to a more diſtant period.

When we ſeriouſly ſit down to recollect our beginning, and for what purpoſe we were formed, why ſhould we be ſo unwilling to reſt on the boſom of our parent earth? When we take an impartial view of that world by which our hearts are enſlaved, but in which we have ſo many dangers and ſtorms to encounter, and find ſo many of our deſigns, hopes and wiſhes diſappointed, in which even our very pleaſures are ſo dangerous, ſurely it will lead us to conſider the grave as the harbour of peace, and Death as the friendly pilot who alone can ſteer our ſhattered bark into its ſafe and ſecure port. Beyond the gloomy confines of the grave, what a delightful proſpect opens to our view! No pain, no ſorrow, no loſs of friends, no dread of poverty, and its numerous ills, no more

to

to fear from our own erring nature! But an eternity of bliſs, in the ſociety of our God, our Redeemer, and an hoſt of angels, with millions of our fellow-creatures, become immortal, and rejoicing in each other's happineſs; whoſe pure and ſpotleſs ſouls, having paſſed through the valley of Death, are ſecurely landed on that happy ſhore of everlaſting reſt, at which all have it in their power to arrive.

What is there in this precarious and trying world ſufficiently enſnaring to hold captive the ſoaring wiſhes of a being formed for immortality, placed within it for a probationary trial of their virtue?

"Man that is born of a woman hath "but a ſhort time to live, and is full of "miſery. He cometh up, and is cut "down like a flower; he fleeth as it were "a ſhadow, and never continueth in one "ſtay."

"Behold, thou haſt made my days as "it were a ſpan long: and mine age is "even as nothing in reſpect of thee; and "verily every man living is altogether "vanity."

"For man walketh in a vain ſhadow, "and diſquieteth himſelf in vain: he "heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who "ſhall gather them."

Could our days, to pleaſe and gratify our lingering wiſhes and unſatisfied deſires,

ſires, be lengthened to an hundred, or an hundred and fifty years, how ſad, cheerleſs, and diſtreſſing ſhould we find their concluſion! our friends and acquaintance gone, a new race ſtarted up, eager to puſh us off the ſtage, our tender affections entombed with our departed friends, the order of nature reverſed, and even our children ſummoned before us! Alas! the life thus granted to our prayers would, in its ſlow and painful progreſs, ſufficiently prove the folly of thoſe wiſhes, and a ſevere puniſhment in their gratification. We ſhould be, too late, convinced, by the numerous and increaſing infirmities which every added year would produce, that the enemy we dreaded to encounter would have proved our beſt and trueſt friend.

Can he, therefore, juſtly be called a tyrant, who ſummons us from pain, ſorrow, and diſappointment, with all the ten thouſand agonizing trials, to which, as mortal, we muſt be expoſed, in order to conduct us to thoſe pure regions, where the ſad catalogue of human miſeries are all unknown; where we ſhall be reunited to thoſe who love, and from whom we can be ſeparated no more?

Let your lives be blameleſs, and Death will inſenſibly be diſrobed of his greateſt terrors. Be always prepared for his approach: and when you are ſatisfied he cannot

not ſurprize you unawares, you will ceaſe to regret that you muſt ſhare with others the trial allotted for all mankind.

Reaſon thus with life:
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art:
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool:
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt toward him ſtill.

SHAKESPEARE.

FINIS.